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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

HEAVY fighting went on between the Russian and Japanese forces round the hill of Changkufeng, right down to the conclusion of the truce in the early hours of Thursday. But neither country was any more disposed than at the outset to go to war, and there were strong hopes that a settlement would be reached, despite reports that Germany was prepared to back Japan—or at least that the Japanese Government were pressing Berlin for assurances of assistance in the last resort. Actually the German Government showed caution, and Herr von Ribbentrop is said to have promised nothing beyond "moral" support, while Italy's attitude was even more non-committal. So far as the rights and wrongs of the affair are concerned, the Russians have throughout been on the strongest ground. The Japanese were once again the aggressors. Apart from the question of their right to be in Manchukuo at all (which, as is pointed out in a letter in our correspondence columns, is not admissible in international law and has not, in fact, been admitted by the world) their claims to the possession of Changkufeng conflict with an old treaty of 1869 and a subsequent protocol of 1886. The Soviet Government, with perfect justice, puts in evidence a map—a map which the Japanese, like everyone else, have hitherto accepted as authoritative—showing the frontier line with the hill of Changkufeng clearly within Soviet territory. And this being so, the fact that the Russians chose to do what they had not done before—to occupy and fortify the position—gave Japan no justification for resorting to violence. The terms of the armistice provide that the forces on either side are to remain in occupation of the territory they held twelve hours previously, which in effect leaves the Russians in possession of most of the ground that the Japanese had seized earlier in the conflict. The next step will, presumably, be the appointment of the joint demarcation commission which will definitively settle the boundaries and, we hope, obviate any further alarms and excursions.

Canton Bombed Again

The struggle in China has been marked by another aerial butchery at Canton. Thirty Japanese aeroplanes are reported to have flown over the city in the course of Tuesday, and to have dropped many hundreds of bombs. The casualties and the destruction of buildings (few, if any, of which can fairly be called military objectives) are said to have been enormous. Yet, in spite of their sufferings, there has been no sign of panic among the people. "Frightfulness" has done no more on this occasion than

in the past to break the Chinese morale and to win that speedy victory that the Japanese militarists are so intent upon. Nor does it seem that the Chinese armies to the North are in any present danger of defeat. In their advance up the Yangtze valley the Japanese claim to have captured positions near Shaho on the Nanchang railway, but the expedition in general hangs fire. On the north bank of the river, they have fallen back with heavy losses and have been forced to bring up reinforcements in the face of a counter-offensive by the Chinese.

Lord Runciman and Herr Hitler

There has been no change in the situation this week in Czechoslovakia. Lord Runciman has been engaged in discussion both with Mr. Hodza, the Prime Minister, and with the Sudeten German representatives, and is no doubt well primed with information as to their respective desires and aims. It would be useless to speculate at this stage how he may attempt to bridge the gulf. We can only hope, with everyone else, that he may find a way, and that Hitler, who is the dominant and most dangerous factor in—or outside—the problem, will not make it insoluble. An unfortunate incident last Sunday night, when a brawl in a Bohemian inn led to the death of a Sudeten German, has driven the Nazi press into another outburst of rage and malignity. But it would be absurd to attach overmuch importance to these recriminations. The Führer and his friends will, of course, let the newspapers continue to keep the pot of national hatred on the boil; but their policy at this moment, we believe, is not to precipitate trouble. The trump cards, as they think, are in their hands, and they are waiting and watching the game in Prague.

Attack and Counter-attack in Spain

The Spanish Government is employing, with considerable success, tactics aimed at distracting General Franco from his main line of advance towards Sagunto and Valencia. The first diversion—the crossing of the lower Ebro—was a bold, not to say hazardous, move. It meant that the 30,000 infantrymen flung across the river with very moderate artillery support would have to be munitioned and supplied across pontoon bridges exposed to aerial bombardment, and would have to meet counter-attacks in that position from a better-equipped enemy. The counter-attacks were delivered last week-end; but though the right wing of the Government forces was flung back to the river, the centre (opposite Gandesa) and the left held the occupied ground. Meanwhile, the insurgent advance on Sagunto has been completely arrested. Franco's reserves have had to be thrown into the Ebro battle, and rebel pressure on that sector is being relieved in turn by a new Government offensive to the north between Lerida and Balaguer. On the southern front, rebel forces have again advanced towards the mercury mines at Almaden, but it is on developments in the eastern sectors that the future course of the war seems likely to turn.

General Franco's Silence

Meanwhile the weeks go by, and the Burgos Government still withholds its reply to the British plan for the withdrawal of foreign combatants from Spain. The reasons for the delay are fairly obvious: General Franco is in no position to dispense with the aid of his Italian aircraft, whose activities in the Ebro battle are illustrated by an official *communiqué* from Rome announcing that between July 25th and August 5th, no less than 541 Italian machines were engaged and dropped in all 450 tons of explosives. Public opinion in France is becoming increasingly restive at the maintenance of strict control over the Franco-Spanish frontier, while the rebels deliberately withhold their assent to proposals which the Spanish Government immediately accepted. M. Blum, in the *Populaire*, has been calling for "relaxation" of French frontier control as the only means of exercising pressure on the insurgents to force their acceptance of the withdrawal scheme. Even the British Government, pained at the delay, has directed Sir Robert Hodgson to address pointed reminders to Burgos—so far without results. Equally fruitless have been the British Government's efforts to prevent a recrudescence of the bombing of ships, the latest victim being the *Lake Lugano* bombed and sunk at Palamos while laden with a mixed cargo of food. The British Commission, consisting of one R.A.F. and one Artillery officer, will arrive this week-end at Toulouse and will investigate any future bombing of open towns, but the proposed Commission to inquire into bombing of ships has not yet been appointed.

"Racialism" in Italy

Italian Fascism has not as a rule been anything like so wholehearted as German Nazism in either its fantasies or its outrages, and we still hope that Mussolini's attack of "racialism" will prove to be a much milder affair than Hitler's. But the omens are not too encouraging. The anti-Semitic papers in Rome, and notably the *Tevere* and a new review called *The Defence of the Race*, are in full blast, and Signor Gayda also, who has long been accustomed to speak his Master's Voice, has set his pen to the evil work in the *Giornale d'Italia*. He reproaches "international Jewry" with ingratitude for the tolerance that Fascism has hitherto shown to the Jews, and accuses it of intransigent hostility to the State. A hint of some of the more mischievous practical ideas cherished by the apostles of Anti-Semitism may be found in the suggestion that "to raise the standard of war against Hebrew racialism means to increase the diffusion of our spiritual values—especially in Eastern Europe, the Balkans, and the Arab world." Meanwhile, no persecution of the more brutal kind or on any serious scale appears as yet to have been planned. But an official statement was issued last Saturday which foreshadows a policy of what is called "discrimination," with a limitation of numbers in the ratio of one Jew to 1,000 Italians. This, deplorable though it be in principle, does not, on the face of it, point to an expulsion of Jews, since the number at present in Italy is estimated to be not more than 50,000 in a total population of 43,000,000.

Britain and Palestine

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's rather spectacular flight to Palestine does not betoken any change of policy. The policy of the British Government must continue to be, presumably, what it has been or has been supposed to be throughout the present deplorable disturbances. The Mandatory Power has the duty of securing law and order, and it is to be hoped that all good citizens of

Palestine will respond to the broadcast appeal of the High Commissioner to assist in this task. It is well that it should be made clear to everyone that terrorism will not pay, and that no surrender to violence is to be counted on. But the suppression of terrorism, necessary though it be, is neither easy nor in itself a solution of the Palestinian problem, and we look forward anxiously to the report of the Woodhead Commission, on which presumably the solution is going to be based. So far as we know, the plan of Partition, in some form or other, still holds the field—at Westminster, that is to say; though it is denounced by the Palestinian Arabs in general, while a substantial section of the Zionists, probably the majority, would be prepared to accept it as a *pis aller*. It is possible, though unlikely, we are afraid, that Sir John Woodhead and his colleagues may propose some better alternative.

Economics of Eire

The voluminous report which the Irish Commission of Inquiry into Banking, Currency and Credit has produced after nearly four years of patient labour is of no more than academic interest. Mr. de Valera, the architect of Eire's self-sufficiency (with qualifications), acted oddly in appointing a Commission whose inclinations were bound to be in the direction of liberalising trade, eschewing subsidies to uneconomic industries and practising the old virtues of budgetary frugality. He now has the benefit of views critical of his regime; but it seems highly unlikely that he will act on them. The Commission warns the Government that Eire's future lies primarily in agriculture, that high Protection has depressed the standard of life of the urban consumer and that the State has assumed a costly and (if things go ill) unmanageable load of industrial commitments. It also emphasises the over-riding need for tax relief and reduction of the National debt. From the standpoint of orthodox liberal economy, the Commission makes its case forcibly; and Mr. de Valera has anticipated its findings insofar as agreement with Whitehall on the annuities question and customs duties is concerned.

The Civil Air Guard

The new *cadre* of reserve air pilots is apparently to have a distinguished band of Commissioners at its head, including Lord Londonderry and Lord Weir. Evidently the Government is taking the Civil Air Guard seriously. Incidentally, the title chosen by the Air Minister is odd; for the Guard's functions are not concerned with guarding anything, and in time of war its members would be engaged in unspecified national service which the enemy would doubtless consider to be of a military, rather than civilian character. As a means of popularising flying and making the country air-minded, the scheme is ingenious and appears already to have attracted nearly seven thousand recruits. Flying tuition at the cost of 2*s.* 6*d.* an hour during the week and 5*s.* an hour at week-ends, means that for the first time the possession of a civilian pilot's certificate is brought within a comparatively poor citizen's means. If, as is reported, Miss Jean Batten is to be asked to add lustre to the Guard as woman Commissioner the scheme should " go over " with a swing.

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MILD OR BITTER

OPTIMISTS and pessimists alike will agree that the mid-July returns of unemployment show little significant change in the economic situation during the month. The numbers in employment have risen by 38,000, following a decline of 42,000 previously recorded; but Whitsun holiday stoppages affected the June figures, and those for July were also influenced, in Scotland at least, by the incidence of holidays. Setting one seasonal fluctuation against another, the dispassionate observer will be inclined to the conclusion that, on present indications, the industrial recession which began a year ago is not visibly gaining momentum, but that there is no warrant for assuming that the gradual downward trend has been reversed. The damage wrought by the past twelve months is not inconsiderable. The numbers of unemployed—in a total increased by new entrants into industry—have risen by 448,000, and employment is 300,000 down. Not a catastrophic decline in relation to an insured population of over eleven millions, but sufficient to confirm the abundant evidence furnished by other trade indices that the tide has unmistakably ebbed.

It by no means follows that the tragic history of 1929–31 is about to repeat itself. In comparison with the position which existed in the early stages of the last world slump, the salient economic factors to-day are on the whole more favourable. On the debit side must be set the lessened volume of international trade, but markets are not overweighted with anything like the same accumulation of unwieldy and (in a capitalist economy) unsaleable stocks of commodities. There are no comparable embarrassments in the shape of " frozen " indebtedness, latent banking insolvencies, or curtailment of credit enforced by rigid adherence to a monetary mechanism based on the gold standard. Depression has become fairly acute in the textile industries, coal mining and the iron and steel industry. Since October, 1937, the *Economist* index of business activity has fallen by just over 8 per cent. But the stimulus of rearmament demand, local though it be in its effects, still operates as a brake on the economic decline. The rate of retail consumption, except in the luxury and near-luxury trades, has been remarkably well maintained. It is no longer possible for Cabinet Ministers to deny the existence of a set-back, but there is as yet no slump sufficient in magnitude to warrant talk of economic crisis.

Will the present depression be characterised, as the Financial Committee of the League suggests, by a trough " shorter and shallower " than that of its predecessor, six years ago? The evidence so far is inconclusive. Those who tap the economic barometer with an optimistic finger will argue that conditions in the primary producing countries to-day are substantially better than they were in 1930, and that the fall in commodity prices which has accompanied the past year's recession appears to have been arrested. It must be remembered, however, that the recent rally in the price of industrial raw materials such as metals and rubber has been due less to increased consumption than to the reintroduction of schemes for artificial restriction of output; and that unrestricted commodities like cotton, wool and wheat are still falling. Even if the big assumption be made that the present renewal of " pump-priming " expenditure will bring about

durable recovery in the United States, the progressive contraction of international commerce, coupled with an atmosphere of political nervousness which was not present in 1931, suggests that the trough on this occasion may easily be longer (though probably not deeper) than the slump of 1930–32, and that prosperity may have to be re-built to a greater extent by our own exertions.

This means that it is more than ever necessary that the Government should have a positive economic policy with which to counter the forces of depression. Whether the set-back will be mild or bitter depends on how we meet it. The Prime Minister has caustically declared his inability to produce jobs like rabbits from a conjurer's hat during the parliamentary recess. The Cabinet is still clearly hopeful that the course of events will absolve it from doing anything particular about unemployment this year or next. To advocates of the immediate preparation of plans for the enlargement of public works the official reply is that rearmament must have priority, and that it would be difficult to devise any large programme of capital construction which did not encroach on the resources of labour and materials required for Defence preparations.

Applied to the immediate situation the argument is not entirely without force; but this does not mean that by next winter the institution of public works schemes will not be essential if the rising tendency of unemployment is to be kept in check. The time to devise a programme of productive construction is now. And, in addition, the authorities should lose no time in considering whether sufficient use is being made of our post-1931 monetary freedom to revive the flagging spirits of private enterprise. The Government will doubtless say that interest rates are relatively low, and that, if the public's use of bank credit has been curtailed, this is not the fault of the Bank of England (which has actually supplied the joint stock banks with additional cash) but reflects the reluctance of the entrepreneur to extend his commitments at a time when expectations of profit are diminishing. Up to a point the Government's defence is valid, but the fact remains that no positive effort has been made to inject into the banking system sufficient fresh credit to compel the banks to increase, *via* the gilt-edge market, their earning assets, and hence to lower the long-term rate of interest to a point at which the new-issue market might be stimulated.

The truth is that the Government has so far failed to realise the extent of the deflationary influence exerted by the last budget, with its increases of taxation imposed just at the moment when enterprise needed encouragement. Admittedly, about one-third of this year's Defence expenditure is being met by loan; but this is in itself a smaller proportion than would be normally associated with a programme of Government works designed to offset depression in private enterprise. Still more disquieting are recent reliable reports that the Chancellor's mind is turning in favour of an economy campaign combined with a further turn of the taxation screw. If the duration and severity of the business decline are to be mitigated—and, consequentially, if the budget problem itself is ultimately to be kept manageable—controlled inflation is the one hopeful policy for this country. Somebody must pay for rearmament and for the inability of a capitalist economy to avoid cyclical depressions. Justice, as well as expediency, suggests that the bill should be presented to the rentier—not the unemployed.

A DAY IN CANTON

HONG KONG is in, and yet not in, the War. All in Canton who can afford it, except a few of the most patriotic, flee to the British Colony or at least send their families there. Prices soar and the city is incredibly prosperous. Profiting, as it does for the moment, from the influx of Chinese capital, the export of which it is difficult for the Chinese Government to prevent, Hong Kong nevertheless depends for its existence on Canton and the hinterland. If the Japanese take Canton, Hong Kong must become a kind of Eastern Vienna, an organism deprived of nourishment. Yet the British in Hong Kong remain curiously detached from the war, and one leaves Kowloon for Canton on the much bombed railway with a curious sense of descending from paradise to the infernal regions.

The one and only passenger train to Canton leaves nightly at seven and its third-class carriages are packed to the limit with a cheerful crowd. Soldiers guard each car with revolvers ready cocked; officers patrol the cars lest any Japanese agent attempt to do damage to the line or the train. The only other European on the train is an Italian correspondent of a newspaper in Indo-China. Speaking French, but no English, he manages to convince the Chinese frontier officials that he is an exile, not a Fascist. Not that the Chinese really need convincing, or want to keep him out of China (only two days ago a large cargo of Italian arms arrived in Hong Kong); but he is acutely sensitive about having an Italian passport, even though it is eight years old.

Our journey is uneventful, for the moon is slightly veiled in mist and it is clearly not a good night for a raid. Signs of past raids are visible at every station and it seems miraculous that the freight trains have never stopped for as much as 24 hours in spite of the tons of bombs dropped by the Japanese. The organisation of the repair work would do credit to any country and shows what the young Chinese might have done to reconstruct their country if the Japanese had left them alone.

Next morning in Canton the first air raid alarm went at 9.20. I descended from the tenth floor of my near-skyscraper hotel and went out into the streets to see how the people took the alarm. As far as one could see they took no notice of it at all. A doctor and two nurses under an archway were inoculating the passers-by against cholera. Unperturbed, the smiling young man appealed continuously to the people passing by to stop and have an injection, and the two nurses stuck the needle into one arm after another at the rate of at least two a minute, men, women, children and babies. I went back into the hotel to have breakfast and met the manager of the Canton-Kowloon railway, who gave me details of how the repair work is organised. The number of bombs dropped since last October works out at about 10 per kilometre.

The second raid was announced two hours later at about 12.30, while I was interviewing the Governor of Kwantung. He took no notice at all, but went on telling me about his rural reconstruction programme, a work which is obviously his main interest and which the Japanese have stopped by forcing China to spend all her meagre resources on armaments. The General is an old associate of Sun Yat-sen, who was in prison under the Manchus—quiet, courteous, slim and benevolent, with beautiful hands. He is physically very different from the Western style "live wire" burly Mayor.

Returning to my hotel with the Governor's Secretary, I climbed up the ten flights to my room as the electric current is switched off during raids and the lift was not working. I looked out of the window in the direction of Formosa for a sight of the aeroplanes while my Chinese companion, who appears to act as a kind of government information bureau, 'phoned for news and then rang up the foreign correspondents waiting in the comparative safety of the British concession area, and passed on the reports to them. Twenty-eight 'planes, he reports, have passed over in two groups. The first squadron of 19 have already skirted the city and gone to bomb the

Canton-Hankow Railway. The other nine are at the Bocca Tigris forts heading for Canton.

A few minutes later the report comes through that the 19 'planes are returning and are nearing the city, while the nine are bombing Shek Lung, the town on the line to Kowloon where one of the two vital bridges is situated.

Ten minutes later: the 19 'planes are now bombing the Canton-Hankow line at Pa Kong, close to Canton.

Five minutes later: the 19 'planes are bombing the Shuk Wan railway junction on the line to Hankow, while the nine are bombing another part of the Kowloon line.

Concluding that the 'planes must by now have dropped all their bombs and are not making for the city this time, we go out to lunch, but the all-clear is not sounded for another hour.

In the afternoon, while making a tour of the bombed areas of Canton, we hear the siren announcing the third raid that day. By this time I am hardened and take little more notice of the alarm than the Cantonese. Since the city itself has been little bombed since the middle of June, and since the morning raiders concentrated on the railways, one takes it for granted that it is again the railways which are being attacked. Some of the people I spoke to in Canton thought the 3 or 4 weeks' respite from daily—and nightly—mass bombing of the civil population was due to the protests in England and the United States coupled with the blunder of Yoshida in admitting that the raids of May and June were for the purpose of demoralising the civilian population. Others said it is only the rains which have kept off the Japanese raiders and that the systematic bombing of the people of Canton will start again soon. The very day I left Canton the latter were proved right; for 18 Japanese 'planes came over and dropped 60 or 70 bombs in 10 different parts of the city, killing or injuring some 80 people.

Standing in the Wongsha district with the Chinese doctor who has organised the air raid rescue work, in the midst of acres of ruins with not a house left standing, I heard about the terrible raids of 6 or 7 weeks ago. The doctor told me how he himself had been machine-gunned by the Japanese and 35 of his helpers killed while trying to give first aid to the wounded and carry them out of the devastated area. Later I saw one of his 20 ambulances riddled with machine-gun bullets and met a rescue squad standing at attention in one of the Chinese Red Cross Centres. The rescue, or Red Cross, workers seem to be almost children, girls and boys from the High School or the University. They are serious children who for days have seen sights which, as one of the English correspondents in Canton told me, were so terrible that at first he was physically sick and had to rush home to fortify himself with whisky before he could go to the telegraph office.

Canton is estimated to have lost two-thirds of its population. All who have been able to leave the city have gone. The officials remain and the workers and middle classes who have no relations in the country and no means. Yet life seems to go on as usual except that many shops not destroyed are shut or barred. Those who have been made homeless by the bombardment are taken into refugee centres where the Government supplies them with some food and gives them shelter until they can either get away to relatives or be settled on new land in Northern Kwantung, or drafted into the army, if able-bodied men.

The centre I visited had 700 people in one tall house. Men, women, children and tiny babies were sitting patiently on mats on the floor. An old man with a long white beard like a patriarch, erect and motionless with emaciated body, sat next to a baby being looked after by a tiny girl; on other mats were families of 5 or 6 people. The place was clean and orderly and these people are at any rate fed after a fashion. The surprising thing is that so far there are only five cases of cholera in Canton, whereas in Hong Kong there are already more than 100.

My last visit was to the women's battalion in training outside the city and to the militia men being trained after working hours for the defence of the city if the Japanese invade it. Here I saw more of the attractive youth of China, the sons and daughters of the middle and lower middle and working classes whose stake is in the country, and who cannot, if they wished, remove themselves to the foreign concessions or to Hong Kong. These boys and girls, like the students in the rescue squads, the doctors and the slender khaki-green clad soldiers, are the salt of the country. There are still corrupt officials, merchants and bankers out only for their profits; but one feels that the people of China as a whole are amazingly brave and determined.

The Cantonese are proud of the number of volunteers they have sent monthly to the front on the Yangtze. They should be proud of the fortitude of the civilian population. There are no anti-aircraft guns to defend the city, or, if there are, they have no shells to fire. The sirens ring the alarm several times a day except when it rains, but there is practically nowhere to take shelter. In Barcelona there is always a hope that Government planes may chase away the bombers; even in Hankow anti-aircraft guns and planes keep off the Japanese airmen, but in Canton there is not a single plane to rise and challenge the invaders, and only now in July have a few anti-aircraft guns been obtained to defend the town.

Each family knows that to-day or to-morrow it will be their turn. Thousands have been killed or maimed. A walk through the city shows acres and acres of ruins. Here was once a school where 75 children perished; here 60 persons were buried beneath the fall of masonry or blown to pieces; here ten houses were demolished, there 20; in the area a mile away from the railway station, which is now deserted and a mass of ruins, 500 houses were demolished. Sometimes one sees a family still living in a room with three or only two walls left. One place is no safer than another. A map with red points marking where bombs have fallen shows hardly a single district except Shameen untouched. Near one ruined area one comes across a wall covered with photographs of children lost in the raids, whose parents are seeking for them or whose parents are being sought.

I am writing this on the boat taking me back to Hong Kong. This morning at six I waited with a crowd of Chinese with all their belongings in bags or sacks carried on poles or in the hand. They are the lucky ones who are leaving the city of death. All of them must have 20 dollars to show the British authorities in Hong Kong. Only those who have at least a little money to spend may leave Purgatory for Paradise.

Hong Kong. FREDA UTLEY

A LONDON DIARY

I DO not know that August in London has ever been the subject of a polite poem. With most of his acquaintances away the cockney can enjoy a little solitary exploring. He can make his way, like any good American, to the City Churches, Greenwich Hospital, the Zoo on Wednesday and Thursday nights and the Museums, outside which eager postcard-mongers will sell him views of Westminster Abbey and the Tower. A confirmed museum-addict, I have noticed with some surprise how rarely at any time of the year I meet in the National Gallery or the Tate those of my friends who are most conspicuous at Private Views. (And the Geological Museum is said to be the safest place in all London for a clandestine assignation.) In August, museums are more delightful than ever, cool deserts as refreshing to the imagination as to the body. There are scandalously few fountains in London, but in the picture galleries there is always water playing, rivulets tumbling, and estuaries reflecting palaces, windmills, or the theatrical extravagance of the sunset sky. The marble population, Emperors and Muses and gladiators, are also agreeably refrigerative. But the other day I found myself in a room fustier than the parlour of an Edwardian boarding-house, more unrefreshing than a bargain basement, yet containing more treasures than any other room in London—the long

corridor-shaped room in the British Museum devoted to savage arts. Here are objects of extraordinary beauty, crystal skulls, cloaks of multicoloured feathers, Benin bronzes, carvings from African jungles and Pacific archipelagoes. In the present century we have learned to appreciate the high plastic and expressive value of the art produced by many backward peoples, and the collection at the British Museum is unrivalled. But the way it is shown—I should say concealed—is lamentable. In the new Trocadero in Paris similar but less splendid objects are displayed with all the care and taste they deserve, so that their delicate or frightening beauty can be enjoyed. But here chaos reigns. The British Museum authorities could do something to improve the situation, but not much; for some twenty times the available space is required. No other civilised country would so neglect a collection unique in the world; and to house it in a new museum would not only delight all lovers of art but form a magnificent monument to all the subject peoples which the Empire governs. This is a temptation to which I wish some millionaire would rapidly succumb.

* * *

Mr. Claud Mullins, the magistrate, has an intelligible and healthy dislike of publicity. This being so, he has little cause to be thankful to the officials of his court for their endeavours to divert press limelight from his wife's motoring peccadillo. Actually it appears to be the fact that in numerous trivial traffic offences to which defendants have pleaded guilty the offender's name is not called out in the South-Western police court, and Mr. Mullins has categorically denied that he asked that his wife's name should be suppressed. (After all, why should Cæsar's wife be above suspicion of inadvertently or carelessly exceeding a 20-mile-an-hour speed limit by an inconsiderable amount?) The affair would have received little notoriety if the police in court had not apparently taken special pains to keep the charge sheet away from the reporters' eyes, and if the magistrate on the bench had not so pointedly referred to Mrs. Mullins's clean driving licence as a "splendid record." Instead of having the charge of speeding in the parks dismissed (as in Mrs. Mullins's case) on payment of costs, several motorists of my own acquaintance—all, ironically enough, experienced and considerate drivers—have been fined, and have had their licences endorsed, by London magistrates for this technical breach of law, though they had never been previously convicted. There is no logical reason why speed limits in the parks should differ from those in any built-up area; and in Hyde Park a motorist driving at 20 m.p.h. is apt to be hurried on impatiently by the police. If the decision in the case of Mrs. Mullins means that magistrates have decided not to convict when 30 m.p.h. is not exceeded, it is a welcome change of attitude. But consistency should be observed.

* * *

As for the general question of "keeping it out of the newspapers," it would be absurd to make a mountain out of the Mullins mole-hill. Mr. Mullins made the mistake of being rude to reporters who were only doing what they were ordered to do by their proprietors. I hold no brief for press intrusions into private lives; the business of news-gathering has become a dirty, ghoulish business in the hands of the popular press. But a magistrate is a public official, and his views are to some extent a matter of public interest. To bang the door in the face of one journalist sent for an interview, and to tell another to "go to hell," was a trifle unjudicial, but not a matter of great importance. The press is entitled to be on its guard against attempts to suppress names and hush up scandals whose exposure would inconvenience influential people. If such attempts succeeded, a real blow at democratic institutions would have been struck. But if decent people are inclined to do all they can to prevent their activities being turned into news, the press has only itself to thank. "Personal" journalism has become a social nuisance.

A very solid-minded friend once told me that he thought the ideal way of spending a summer's day was to sit in a garden studying social statistics, with Wordsworth's *Excursion* for a little light relief. I cannot pretend that I have reached this height of epicureanism; but in the heat-wave of last week-end I came perhaps as near to it as I may fairly expect to do. After a happy hour or two with the Bennet family and the toadyings of the Rev. Mr. Collins, I dropped my Jane Austen and picked up the latest Annual Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories. Students of industry and public administration do not need to be reminded of the importance and interest of these blue books; but this particular volume (just published by H.M. Stationery Office, 2*s*.), with the new Act on the Statute Book, is of special value. The reforms, inadequate as they were, of the 1937 Act are not yet in full operation, it is true, and meanwhile the Chief Inspector has some melancholy comments to make on certain points. There has been, e.g., a substantial increase in the number of serious and preventable accidents, especially in the case of juvenile workers. There have also been glaring instances of employment for longer hours than are permitted by law. Among the more encouraging statistics, I notice the increase in the factory inspectorate. The total staff now numbers 290, as against 138 at the beginning of 1902, after the last great Act was passed. A propos of this, by the way, the Chief Inspector quotes an amusing (amusing to us, at least) instance of the attitude of some of our great-grandfathers to the factory administration in 1855. It is from a petition to the Secretary of State, which impugns, doubtless unjustly, the conduct of one of the four inspectors of that day:

> We, the undersigned occupiers of factories in the district of Mr. Leonard Horner, beg to submit that the conduct of that gentleman from his first entrance on his office to the present day has been harsh, unfair and injudicious. It has, therefore, created a strong feeling of distrust towards him and an increase of unpopularity towards an unequal and unpopular Act of Parliament. The conduct of Mr. Horner in his office being calculated to bring the law into still greater disrepute and the Government into unnecessary and injurious collision with the people, we earnestly solicit his removal.

"It may be," says Sir D. R. Wilson, "that a similar experience awaits me, but I think not." Most of us also think not. The reputation of the factory inspectorate in general, and of the Chief Inspector in particular, with both workers and employers is a pretty strong guarantee against anything of the sort.

* * *

I have before me, as I write, details (given for the first time in this country in *News from China*, published by the Union of Democratic Control, price 3*d*.) of one of the most remarkable episodes in the Far Eastern war—the raid on a morning three months ago by Chinese aeroplanes over South Japan. These Chinese 'planes flew over Nagasaki, Fukuoka and other cities, and dropped not bombs but millions of leaflets addressed to the Japanese people. Their aim was, in fact, to make the Japanese soldiers, politicians, farmers, or whoever they might be, realise that it was not the peoples of the two countries who were enemies. It was the military clique, the Japanese war-lords, who were responsible for the slaughter and destruction on both sides. The resistance of China was dictated by nothing but self-preservation and the hope of an ultimate peace founded on co-operation between the two nations. Not a very effective way of securing a victory for China? But what has been the effect of the Japanese way, of ceaseless attacks with high explosive and machine-guns on defenceless Chinese cities, such as Miss Utley on another page of this issue tells of witnessing in Canton a month or two since? These abominations, as everyone knows, are doing less than nothing to secure a victory for Japan.

* * *

A friend who has just been in Germany sends me the following:

(1) Outside the Passion Play Theatre at Oberammergau is the following inscription:

Juden unerwünscht (Jews not wanted).

POLYCRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to George Gueditch.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Another traveller, Lord Runciman, eased the Czechoslovakian situation by his example in taking an English week-end, walking and shooting.—*Evening Standard.*

Said a highly placed air authority last night: "When you realise that 10,000 robot 'planes—without pilots or bombing crews—can be sent into enemy country by pushing a button, the whole business of aerial warfare becomes a farce."—*Daily Sketch.*

ARMY'S NEW SECRET GUNS: FIRST PICTURES.—*Sunday Express.*

NEW SERIAL

(Fourth day, but you can start just as well to-day.)—*Daily Express.*

Your leader on Sunday cinemas in Hornchurch seems to have been written in great triumph, but it can be applied to the supporters of increasing the materialism of Sunday. Please remember that God will not, even by English people, be mocked for all time.—(Rev.) E. W. Grevatt, Vicar All Saints, Squirrels Heath, in *Romford Times.*

The business man, working ostensibly for his own personal profit, can be, and in this fine old country is almost without exception, a right-thinking patriot. He is working for ends which are good for his business, but which at the same time are also consistent with the best national interests.—Callisthenes in *Times* advertisement.

BACK TO THE LAND?

III. CORN

HONESTY demands that I confess to having once been against any encouragement to corn-growing in England. I still believe that, on the whole, the wide expanses and sun-drenched plains of the Dominions, the United States and South America are probably the cheapest places for corn to be grown, and sufficient for our needs will probably be available as surplus from those countries for a good number of years to come. We have just witnessed a most exceptional thing, a failure in the world's wheat crops for four seasons in succession; but any year now, and perhaps this one, may see a record production of wheat that will make us think in terms of a world wheat surplus for a long time afterwards.

Nevertheless, in the last eight years I have been gradually forced to the conclusion that a healthy home agriculture is dependent upon the greater use of the plough, and although much more might be done with such arable catch-crops as rape and kale, and with roots, good sense and good farming cannot leave corn out of the rotation. It is not so much a question of making ourselves self-supporting in wheat or barley (we are already 97 per cent. self-supporting in oats) as of using these crops and the cultivating technique they demand to get better pastures, healthier land and a higher gross output from our soil. In this respect of gross output it must be remembered that farming seldom permits one to take the production of a single commodity, such as wheat, milk or beef, on a given farm and estimate its isolated profitability. Everything done on the land is affected by what has been done in that field in the preceding year and will affect what it produces in the next year. So it is only possible to look at what the farm has produced over a period of, say, five or six years; and I am satisfied that, over a large area of England, the farm that has grown a proportion of corn in its stock-raising activities will show better results from the livestock aspect and show a larger gross output than a farm devoted entirely to livestock and grass.

We are now reaping in England and Wales just over 4 million acres of wheat, barley and oats, which is about 3 million acres less than sixty years ago. Since that time the English countryside has shrunk by the encroachment of the towns, but we might well replace the 650,000 tons or so of feeding barley that we now import with home-produced barley from an extra 800,000 acres in England and Wales devoted to the crop, produce more oats, and raise our wheat acreage to the 1920 level of 2,100,000 acres. We may not be so far from that wheat acreage this year. Say we also increased our acreage under corn in any given year by 1½ million: this would bring our total arable acreage up from the present 9 million to about 12 million, for the same arable field would not produce more than two corn crops in four years.

How does this square up with the land we would gain by grassland improvement? We have 16 million acres under grass which many experts believe could be nearly doubled in its productivity. We have another 5½ million acres of rough grazings of which much was once fertile land, and which recently acquired knowledge about grass-breeding, grass management and cultivation would enable us to improve beyond any former standards. If, to be on the safe side, we assume that grassland productivity could only be raised by 50 per cent., and if we include, say, 2 million acres of the more improvable rough grazings, we have a total of 18 million acres. By a 50 per cent. improvement, 12 million acres could then do the same job; we could have our additional 3 million acres of arable and still have 3 million acres of high-class grassland in hand, plus 3½ million acres of the inferior rough grazings.

But there is one serious difficulty. It would be one thing to encourage an increase in arable production, but quite another to see that it occurred in the right way. The object of encouragement would be not simply to make farmers' bank balances look healthier, but to make the land healthier, and we might easily find (we almost certainly should) that some farmers grew the cereals rather where conditions were suitable for getting a quick profit on a short view than where they made a necessary break in the grassland ley. It was here, of course, that the old landlord-tenant system used to do useful work. The landowner or his resident agent knew his land well and insisted in his tenants' leases that certain proportions of certain farms (varying according to conditions) should be under the plough every year. By giving the tenant freedom of cropping, except in the year he is leaving the farm, that safeguard of good husbandry has been removed.

One possible way out of the difficulty might be to give subsidies through the livestock and make their payment conditional upon the land being farmed in an approved manner in each case. Under the oats and barley subsidies of last year proper cultivation of the crop for which subsidy is demanded is already a condition. It would be quite legitimate, if the State is to regard agriculture from a national point of view and pour out considerable sums to keep it in a proper condition, to interfere in some such way. It would not involve telling the farmer what he was to grow and how he was to grow it in every field, but would merely insist that proper use of the plough be made. But there would be enormous supervisionary difficulties in such a method that would mean keeping heaven knows how many copies of the details of every animal sold as well as an immense amount of work inspecting farms.

But if the land were nationalised, it would be a different matter, and it is difficult to resist the conclusion that nationalisation of the land is inevitable now that the old spirit of landownership has been destroyed. When it comes to subsidising land fertility, as we are doing, with further subsidies to landowners in the form of assistance with field drainage in the offing, we are already well launched on the slope of State ownership of the land. The case for it has been argued so clearly and eloquently by Mr. C. S. Orwin in THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION that there is no need to repeat his words now and demonstrate its feasibility. But if the land did become the property of the State, there is one thing that is absolutely essential. A Ministry of Lands must be created in which a new type of civil servant would be wanted, not because the present type is a bad one, but because the job the new men would have to do would be quite different from any other civil service job in England. They would, among other things, have to take on the work of the resident agent, only instead of having to look after estates that are often of no more than five or ten thousand acres, they would be in charge of something much more like a hundred thousand acres, thus making a saving in administrative costs for a start.

But wide powers and great personal responsibility would have to be given to them. It would be no use to the farmer to have to wait a fortnight or a month for a reply from "headquarters" before he could get permission to plough up or grass down a certain field. By then the weather would have changed and it would be too late. They would obviously have to be men of great tact and wide understanding of the land, of farmers and their problems; they would have to be encouraged to be ready to take a chance and show initiative and be promoted rather on account of the progress made by their district than because they themselves had avoided doing anything that might get them into trouble. Probably it would be best to recruit the staff from men who had already made good in a private occupation.

Under such conditions it would be comparatively easy to see that subsidies for cereals were administered in the national interest. The amount of such subsidies is perfectly impossible to calculate, for it entirely depends upon farming conditions on the American Continent. The wheat subsidy has fluctuated between £6,810,000 and £1,340,000 and the oat and barley subsidies may fluctuate in the same proportion. Nor can one say accurately where the increased cereals should be grown and under what type of rotation in the different districts. One of the wise things for which Mr. Lloyd George has unsuccessfully pressed at least since 1927 has been a survey of our agricultural conditions and potentialities, district by district. As the years go by the lack of such knowledge becomes ncreasingly felt. Only a scientific survey could give a full answer to the questions this series of articles raises.

Similarly there seems to be complete chaos when it comes to endeavouring to find out cereal production costs in this country. I know one grower who boasts that he produces wheat at under £1 per quarter, another says he loses money at 45*s*. One farm claims to be producing oats at 14*s*. 6*d*. per quarter, but other farmers say 22*s*. 6*d*. means ruin to them. There is an unbelievable absence of knowledge on this point, for although it is true that one cannot compare the cost of wheat production by combine-harvester on the extensive, easily-worked fields of Norfolk with production on a smaller scale on heavier lands elsewhere, at least one would have expected reliable figures under different types of farming. But it would seem that a fair production cost for wheat, on an average through the country, is about 38*s*. per quarter, for oats about 20*s*. and for barley about half-way between the two, say at 27*s*. 6*d*. There is a guaranteed price for wheat of 45*s*. per quarter up to 8 million quarters and oats and barley receive a subsidy when the price of oats falls below 22*s*. 9*d*. per quarter.

Better farming, land in better heart and more livestock mean, in the end, lower production costs for cereals. For arable as well as grassland will then be in a more productive state and there will be more organic manures and more humus to nourish the corn crops and temper the effects of too wet or too dry a season. There is still much to be digested from the increased knowledge that the agricultural engineers, through the development of tractors and implements, have put at our disposal. We are a long way yet from designing mechanical units of equipment to suit a given type and size of farm and using them to the full; tractor power in particular pulls well below its full load on many, perhaps the majority, of farms and we still await from the engineers more perfected development of the rotary plough, which is a better suited form of movement for the tractor than the movement of the ordinary plough that was designed for the horse. The profitability of spending money on mechanical equipment has been clearly brought out by a number of experiments. One of these sponsored by Cambridge University took two groups of farms, equal in size and area, but one with tractors and the other without. The tractor group spent an average of £420 per farm on machinery against £300 per farm in the other group; £644 in labour against £612; £70 on fertilisers against £40. But the tractor group's average gross output was £2,065 against £1,580; its output per £100 of wages was £320 against £260 and its average net profit was £375 against £200. It is the well-equipped, intensively farmed land with adequate supplies of labour that makes the best profits or, in other words, lowers production costs. We shall not get efficient farming from an impoverished countryside. Just as with hay, so artificial means of drying corn or the tripod system have shown that modern science in the one case and a revival of ancient practice in the other can enable the grain-grower to-day to cheat his old enemy the weather to a considerable extent. The success of corn-drying seems far less open to doubt than that of grass-drying, and corn-driers can now be bought down to about £100. Any encouragement given to cereals would stimulate not only the engineers but also the rank and file of the farmers to further efforts, and there is no reason to believe that corn production costs have been brought to a level which the wit of man can no further lower.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

PRIMITIVE

NEARLY every day something is reported in the papers which reminds us that the human race is still at a very early stage of civilisation. This week it was the conduct of four young officers of the Royal Artillery who were fined for vandalism at Stonehenge. They had, the solicitor defending them explained, just passed an examination and "felt a certain amount of elation" as a result. What he did not explain was why this elation could find adequate expression only in injuring what is supposed to be a national treasure. If everybody who passed an examination felt an uncontrollable impulse to go out and damage something historical or beautiful, there would soon not be a stone left in its place in Westminster Abbey or a picture left undefaced in the National Gallery. No doubt, when they left the mess at half-past ten, got into a car, and "decided to paint Stonehenge," this struck the young men as really funny. Two of them also took "a piece of china" with them; this must have struck them as funnier than anything in P. G. Wodehouse. Then, having reached Stonehenge, they "painted four stones of the group with green paint, climbed the stones, and placed the pieces of china on the stones." After that, they painted on one side of the hele stone: "Is this a friar?" And, having some paint left, they continued the good work by painting out the "An" in "Andover" on a sign-post.

I confess I cannot see much fun in any of these jokes. To alter a sign-post, for example, is funny only if you think it is funny to send a traveller in the wrong direction. Frequently, motorists stop and ask me the way to Shere or Dorking, or some such place. Is it only the lack of a sense of humour that prevents me from sending the Shere-seekers along the road to Worthing and the party for Dorking speeding towards Hindhead? If I did this and then went in and told my host and hostess what I had done, would they split their sides laughing? There are thousands of signposts all over the country, and, if it is amusing to alter sign-posts, the fact that so many of them are left uninterfered-with suggests that the British people as a whole have been missing a lot of opportunities for quiet fun. How good it would be if, on the day of an International Rugby match, a few boys or girls who had just passed an examination were to make all the A.A. direction-

signs to Twickenham point the wrong way! Think of the confusion that would result, and of the thousands of people who would arrive late for the match, cursing and being cursed as they struggled to their seats. Why, it would be enough to make a Buddhist monk laugh.

As for the "piece of china" joke, there must be some fun in it since so many of the educated classes have had recourse to it. I should have thought, however, that it was only relatively a joke, and that it depended for its effect on being played in an atmosphere of prudery such as, we are told, was universal in the Victorian age. To-day, however, when the depleted forces of the prudes are flying in retreat before the triumphant Call-a-spade-a-spaders, a piece of china ought to be no more an object of fun to the ordinary Englishman than a primrose was to Peter Bell. At the same time, I must admit that the abolition of Victorian repressions and reticences does not seem to have had quite the effect that was expected of it. The unrepressed seem to find the same things funny as the repressed once did. The only difference is that the nursery joke has now been taken over by the adult.

There was a certain amount of humour shown, I confess, in painting on the hele stone the inscription: "Is this a friar?" Human beings have always been amused by absurd resemblances, and the suggestion that the hele stone resembled a friar was a well-meant effort at caricature. If the young officers had written it in chalk letters, I should almost have found it funny. Even then, however, I should have felt dubious as to the right of an individual citizen to express his sense of humour at the expense of the dignity of a public monument. After all, if this were accepted as legitimate, we should have people going round the National Portrait Gallery, and writing across Wordsworth's portrait, "Is this a horse?" and across Matthew Arnold's "Is this a sheep?" There would be few portraits in the Gallery, indeed, left undefaced by some ribald remark. Everyone will agree, however, that, amusing as this might be, it would greatly detract from the pleasure of visitors to the Gallery. They might have a little faint fun, but the imagination would be deadened by it, and they would be unable to see the portraits for the jokes. Hence, I think that, though a sense of humour is a gift to be encouraged, a sense of humour out of place is one of the greatest enemies of human enjoyment. Imagine the result if a man with a sense of humour were to indulge it aloud at a performance of *Tristan* at Covent Garden. How from his stall he could parody the singers with anguished caterwaulings! It might be brilliantly done, but I doubt whether, even if the house were packed with the most humorous men and women in England, a single one of them would rise in his defence as the attendants hurled him into the street. The best thing to do with a sense of humour is to keep it to oneself except where and when it is likely to be appreciated. One thing is certain. Nobody goes to Stonehenge for fun. Why they go there is another question. Probably, I should say, in most cases, because they like to be able to say they have been there.

As for painting Stonehenge green, that is not even funny. It is about as funny as breaking a stained-glass window at Fairford. If the young officers had had some narrow-minded purpose in their work, like the people who occasionally paint Rima, there might be something to be said for them. Rima, at least, was the cause of a war of opinions, and those who defaced it, however jocularly, might plead in their defence that they were striking a blow for something or other. I should have respected the young officers more highly if they had defended themselves by saying that they were supporters of the Douglas social credit scheme and, in their onslaught on Stonehenge, had merely, so to speak, been nailing his colours to the mast. Alternatively, they might have pleaded that, being Christians, they did what they did as a protest against the modern revival of Nordic heathenism. Stonehenge, they might have argued, is the temple of an ancient cult which, in the present mood of Europe, might easily be revived with its loathsome rites of human sacrifice. From that point of view, its defacement might be defended, and even applauded, as an act of Christian iconoclasm. The young officers might then have become national heroes, like Jenny Geddes with her protesting stool. Alas, however, they had no reason to offer for their animus against Stonehenge except that they had passed an examination. I could understand their conduct better if they had failed in the examination. Even then, however, I should have considered it more logical if they had painted the examiner green or, at least, have given him a coating of tar and feathers.

The whole incident throws a curious light on the thinness of the veneer of modern civilisation. In spite of threatened penalties, modern man persists in enjoying the pleasures of destruction. He takes garden gates off their hinges at night for fun. He throws park-seats into ponds. He cuts window straps in railway trains. He thinks it is funny to pinch ash-trays from tea-shops. Not all modern men, of course, but enough of them to make one wonder what proportion of human beings are civilised. We have been told during the week that last year in English theatres 1,500 hired opera-glasses were stolen. I do not know how many thieves are caught every year, but I should not be surprised to learn that there are far more thieves living the lives of apparently honest men than ever appear in the courts. Stealing is still a form of fun with thousands. Very few kleptomaniacs steal because they are starving. The truth is, we inhabitants of the civilised world are a queer lot, primitive in our inclinations and, perhaps, a little imbecile. We are, however, I think, improving. One sign of this, as many people have noticed, is that wall-scribblings are less frequent than they used to be. Wall-scribblings, as we see them to-day, are mainly idealistic in tone, and say much for the innocence of the scribbler. Much remains to be done, however. For one thing, the green paint has to be removed from Stonehenge. To restore Stonehenge to the appearance it had before the green paint was applied, it is said, will take 1,000 years. After that we may hope civilisation will begin in earnest. Y. Y.

YE MARINERS OF FRANCO

YE Mariners of England
That guard the Franco seas
And watch him bombing British ships
With insolence and ease!
Your glorious standard never launch
Where crippled freighters crawl,
As ye race to the base
Till the bombs have ceased to fall;
Till cries for help are heard no more
And the bombs have ceased to fall.

The merchantmen adventurers
That Franco's killers brave,
Non-intervention is their hope,
Appeasement is their grave:
While Chamberlain like British oak
Withstands the British foe
And replies with surprise
When the Commons storms do blow;
When Attlee rages loud and long
And the Commons storms do blow.

For Franco needs no navy
To strengthen his blockade
While Mariners of England lend
Invaluable aid!
Your valour gives the Fascists peace
To win the Fascist war
As ye sweep from the deep
Till Spain is Spain no more!
Until appeasement's star shall rise
And Spain is Spain no more. SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

CHANGKUFENG

SIR,—Much of the comment on the Russo-Japanese "border incidents" is based on the implicit assumption that the Japanese have as much right to be in Manchuria as the Russians have to defend Siberia.

But since 1933 all the members of the League, including our own Government and the U.S.S.R., and the United States, are bound by an Assembly decision to regard Manchuria as an integral part of China, under Chinese sovereignty, and the Japanese military occupation and the "Manchukuo" regime as aggression against China in violation of Article 10 of the Covenant and of the Nine-Power Treaty.

Japan's treaty-breaking occupation of Manchuria has led directly to her present war against China, which the League has also declared to be a war of aggression. Moreover, Assembly and Council resolutions adopted in the last few months have urged the members of the League to take whatever action they can to help China resist Japanese aggression.

It follows that Mr. Chamberlain's Government have pledged themselves to recognise the full moral and legal right of the U.S.S.R. to uphold the League Covenant, if they see fit, by helping China to drive the Japanese Army out of Manchuria, as well as from the rest of China.

Whether it would be politically wise for the Soviet Government to take such action at the present juncture is a matter on which opinions may legitimately differ. It seems clear that the Russians will fight only to defend what treaties between Russia and China, as the rightful sovereign of Manchuria, have defined as Russian territory.

But it is important to realise that the Japanese in Manchuria are simply Covenant-breaking aggressors in occupation of Chinese territory, and have no rights whatever. "A SOCIALIST"

DIVORCE LAW

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Allen Jones, in a letter of admirable intention, writes that "a flaw has been discovered in the Matrimonial Causes Act, 1937," and that "a simple amendment" could put things right. May I express full sympathy with his desires, but correct some of his facts, and question his conclusions?

Whether it is a flaw in the Act or not, it has certainly not been newly discovered. The point about the "non-cohabitation clause" was anxiously and often discussed by the many learned gentlemen behind the scenes during the passage of the Bill. It seemed then—and to some important minds it seems now—beyond the wit of man to provide for the numerous unhappy cases to which Mr. Allen Jones refers without going much farther in the direction of divorce by consent than Parliament was willing to go. It is fashionable to blame Parliament for everything; but here, as I understand the matter, the flaw is not in the making of the new law but in the administration of the old law, which Parliament, with all its powers, cannot, obviously, correct. Magistrates, in spite of repeated warning and advice from above, have inserted, or rather, failed to strike out, the non-cohabitation clause in numerous cases where it was not merely inappropriate and unnecessary but wrong. Now, it may seem to Mr. Allen Jones a simple thing for Parliament to say that whenever a magistrate has done the wrong thing in the past, the proceedings shall be wiped out or amended as a petitioner wishes; but it does not seem simple to all. I may add that the section in question, as it stands, goes much farther than even the friends of the Bill expected. It was the most hotly contested of all the clauses; I nearly wrecked the whole Bill by fighting for it; and it was the cause of our being "talked out" on the Report stage. If your correspondent will look at the proceedings in Standing Committee on January 26th and 28th, he will see a long discussion of an amendment which would have covered the point but had at last to be abandoned. When the Bill went into the calmer atmosphere of the Lords the point was again discussed (outside); but here not even the Law Lords, who devised such excellent additions to the Bill, had any remedy to suggest that I remember.

Nevertheless, like Mr. Allen Jones, I still hope that some way out may be found. The Law Officers, I know, are familiar with the trouble and are troubled about it. I mentioned it (in dubious order, I believe) on the Administration of Justice (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill, and I sent to the authorities an admirable letter from Mr. F. M. Guedalla, which was carefully considered, I know. If Mr. Allen Jones has a "simple amendment" in his mind, I hope he will send it to me, and I can assure him that it will reach the proper quarter.

But I hope he will append to it a brief for the man who has to commend it to the Law Officers. As I see it, the difficulty is this: In these cases (*a*) the wife must be deemed to have asked for a "non-cohabitation clause," but in fact did not ask for it or need it; (*b*) the magistrate ought not to have made the order but did. Parliament is now asked to say (*a*) that the wife did not ask for the order, and (*b*) that the magistrate did not make it. But he did make it: and therefore, ever since, the wife has had the power to drive the husband from the door if he presented himself. Now the order can be struck out, and this has been done here and there. But to say in addition that the woman can at once proceed for three years' desertion would be to say that during the interval she has been willing to receive him back. The husband, in theory at least, may reply that but for the order he would have returned to her. In other words, we are asked to say that, over the same period, though the wife was barring the door, the husband was guilty of not coming in. In practice, of course, this may be nonsense, and the husband may have permanently and intentionally deserted; but Parliament has to lay down general principles; and it is not, I fear, simple to find a form of words which would relieve the particular cases without driving a very large wedge into the general principles of the law.

However, if anyone can find a solution, no one will be better pleased than I; and my main purpose is to make it clear that the difficulty was not missed before and is not being neglected now. A. P. HERBERT

12 Hammersmith Terrace, W.6.

A NATIONAL THEATRE

SIR,—May I write to support Mr. W. J. Turner's article, as one who accepts, like him, the general desirability of a National Theatre, yet has, like him, hung back a little from the details of the present project?

Mr. Turner is surely right in his insistence on a big site. He points out the importance of having both a large and a small theatre with a restaurant attached. I would add to this rehearsal rooms, workshops for scenery and costumes, ample storage and an indoor and outdoor café. For the National Theatre should be an Institution, not just an auditorium. Clearly no such area is available in Central London except in Regent's or Hyde Park. But there the Crown could grant a site, capable of housing a great national monument, without cost to the taxpayer.

We are apt pupils of the Dictators in the arts of war. Let us, for once, imitate them on a modest scale in the arts of peace.

Tilton, J. M. KEYNES
Firle, Lewes.

SIR,—Mr. W. J. Turner has asked some proper and entirely pertinent questions about the National Theatre site and the intentions of the committee. May I make a brief reply?

To begin with, a site of 16,500 square feet, and of the peculiarly suitable shape shown by this site in South Kensington, will permit the erection of a theatre holding about eleven hundred people—i.e., about the size of the New Theatre in St. Martin's Lane, but with a much bigger stage and back stage area. No underground railway runs below the site, and special permission has been obtained to excavate to almost any depth for scene storage. This extra space is needed since the theatre will be run on a true repertory basis, with a change of programme three or four times a week, which means that scenery for at least four productions must be stored on the premises at one and the same time.

To build a smaller theatre on the roof is, I fear, a more difficult matter than Mr. Turner seems to think. Even if permission could be obtained for such a scheme in principle, on this site, at any rate, the statutory exits and entrances could never be provided. But on the roof of our theatre will be found two or possibly three large rehearsal rooms, a rest-room for artists, and a restaurant which should amply fulfil Mr. Turner's specification.

To allay doubts as to the ultimate policy and management of the theatre is clearly more difficult than in respect of its physical amenities. I can only state my own experience, which is that the present committee is sensitively alive to public opinion, and that it has its own definite conception of what a National Theatre should be and stand for. Nor does it seek to hold the reins in

perpetuity. When once the theatre is completed and about to become a going concern, the Committee will dissolve in favour of a new Board of Governors to be nominated on a representative basis.

GEOFFREY WHITWORTH,
Hon. Sec. Shakespeare Memorial,
National Theatre Committee.

50 Pall Mall,
S.W.2.

THE HARRIS-WILDE MEMOIRS

SIR,—As directly responsible for the Typhoon in the literary Tea-Pot to which above heading refers, you may perhaps allow me to say that I quite agree with Mr. Raymond Mortimer that Mr. Bernard Shaw's emendations have much pejorated Harris's original attack on the memory of my late friend Mr. Oscar Wilde and, being issued with great authority but with no authenticity whatever, rightly call for censure.

What, for instance, is one to think when in lieu of Harris's: "The warrant on which Oscar Wilde was arrested charged him with an offence alleged to have been committed under Section XI of the Criminal Amendment Act (*sic*) of 1885, etc.," we find in Mr. Shaw's amended version that Oscar Wilde was charged, "not with the practice alleged by Lord Queensberry, but with offences under Section XI of the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885 *for the protection of minors*"?

Again, what is to be said of the mis-applied emphasis with which he stresses the "funk" the "blunder" of the late Sir Edward Clarke in refusing to put Lord Alfred in the witness box against his "unvenerable father" when as long ago as 1932 Sir Edward caused a statement to be published that no such proposal had ever been submitted to him and that . . . but if you'll look up the file of *The Week-End Review* which is, of course, on your shelves, you will find Sir Edward's very vigorous pronouncement in the number issued on August 28th, 1932.

Shaw, from what I suppose, and Douglas from what I know, being perfectly honourable men, I don't suspect their *bona fides* in this matter. It seems obvious here that the jade Memory was at her pranks again, and I have always supposed that Douglas's proposal to give evidence, made to some minor luminary in the Humphrey's office, was never passed on to Sir Edward *quia absurdum*.

In fact, so frequent are Shaw's lapses of memory evidenced in his preface to Harris's *Oscar Wilde* and his manipulations of Harris's text that verily it seems to me "as though of hemlock he had drunk . . . and Lethe-wards had sunk."

He actually passes intact Harris's monstrous statement on page 198 that Oscar Wilde told him, when he was out on bail and before the second criminal trial, that he was amply supplied with funds and had sufficient even for the expenses of a second trial; that Miss S., hearing of his bankruptcy (???), several weeks before the petition against him had been filed by Lord Q., had sent him a cheque for £1,000. Everybody may not know of the augustissima res in Oakley Street during those awful days before the second trial, but surely nobody is ignorant of the fact that neither Sir Edward nor his juniors took a penny for their services at the trial which ended May 25th. I was in Oakley Street and speak with authority when I say the Wildes were penniless for the time being and subsisted on frequent recurrence to the pawnbroker's. . . On the morning of the 25th after Oscar had departed to the Old Bailey, Mrs. Willie Wilde told me that Oscar had begged her to give me one of his rings to remember him by in case he did not come back. "But," she said, "you know how things have been here and you can guess where all Oscar's jewellery has gone. So perhaps you'll take this instead." She handed me a small handkerchief.

ROBERT H. SHERARD

30 Culmington Road, W.13.

SIR,—With reference to Lord Alfred Douglas's letter in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, in which he says: "The point is of course that if he (Oscar Wilde) had gone to George Lewis the action against my father would never have been started"—I think it might interest your readers to know that my father often told me that Oscar Wilde, who was a great friend of the family, *did* consult my grandfather, who advised him not to bring the case, and when he insisted, refused to act for him. Also Sir George Lewis—my grandfather—was not in retirement in 1895 as stated on page 166 of Mr. Harris's book. He did not retire till 1909.

ELIZABETH WANSBROUGH

16 Upper Montagu Street, W.1.

SIR,—You might like to make use of the appended letter, which, published six years ago, can still be used to disprove *in toto* one of Mr. G. B. Shaw's statements about the Wilde trial which he makes in his preface to Harris's *Oscar Wilde*:

Peterhouse,
Staines.
16.9.1929.

Dear Sir,

I have not seen the Autobiography of Lord Alfred Douglas, and certainly shall not trouble to read it. But I am glad of the opportunity of contradicting the statement about me which you quote.

It is, you say, alleged that I agreed with Oscar Wilde that he should "give evidence to show the character of his (Lord Alfred's) father, the Marquis, and a full account of Lord Queensberry's alleged brutalities to his family, etc." That I "promised to do this and did not keep the promise." It is added that "if he (Lord Alfred) had been called and had been allowed to destroy his father's character, Wilde would certainly have won his case."

There is not a fragment of truth in any of these statements. I made no such agreement or promise. The question of Lord Queensberry's character was quite irrelevant to the case; and was never mentioned in my instructions, or in consultation; and if an attempt had been made to give such evidence the judge would of course have peremptorily stopped it.

You are at liberty to make any use you please of this letter.

Faithfully yours,
EDWARD CLARKE.

Keppoch, Haddington,
E. Lothian.

L. WALLACE JAMES

GIFTS FOR CATALONIA

SIR,—On behalf of the Association of Catalan Writers, may I make an appeal to your public? This Association represents the finest thoughts and emotions of Catalonia as expressed in literature. Many of its members have never been engaged in active politics; but they all have been concerned in keeping alive the flame of literary creation and in spreading the finest elements of culture.

As is well known, the shortage of food in Barcelona is serious. Can friends of literature and culture help by sending parcels of food, etc.? These can be sent either directly or through Selfridges, or any other stores to:

The Secretary, Institució de les Lletres Catalanes,
Rambla de Catalunya, 141
BARCELONA, Spain.

CATALAN REPRESENTATIVE

INDIANS IN ENGLAND

SIR,—For the past year one matter has pushed insistently on my notice, and I find that it is useless to expect the daily press to ventilate it. Yet all Indians whom I know are discussing it; it is a theme that unites Congressman and Indian Civil Servant.

One incident, by a peculiar gracelessness, has attained some notoriety. An Indian who has been Dewan of a Native State, who has held high office in the Indian Government and represented India in this country and other countries—a witty and charming man, with a host of British friends—while in London recently, without disclosing his nationality rang up a number of South Kensington hotels to ask about vacant rooms. All replied that they had such rooms, and he went to inspect them. When it was seen that he was an Indian, at every hotel he was told that since he rang up every room had been taken. His own comment was: "That half-hour must have been an unusually busy time for them!"

Another Indian, who holds a position of the very highest in the Government of India and has done our country great service, writes to me that in London this year "I sensed a growing feeling of aversion to Indians," and heard of instance after instance of their being refused admission to hotels. Yet a third friend, who has an English wife, was refused a meal in an Edinburgh hotel unless he and his wife sat at different tables.

The position is growing worse. If your readers doubt it, let me refer them to any Indian friend of theirs. It is getting wide discussion in India, and I cannot accept the opinion of editors of English journals, that it is too "personal" and inflammatory to be mentioned over here. It is much more dangerous not to mention it.

Put it on grounds of mere common sense. Is it sane to insult men and women whose brothers and sons may be asked to die for us and beside us, in some crisis that is coming?

One may concede that small boarding houses, for convenience'

sake, might reasonably keep to certain classes of guests. But surely large hotels have no right to forget that Indians are our fellow citizens? I know what I should do if I were an Indian; I should help to compile a black list and see that it was widely circulated. But there is a better way out, which for our self-respect should be taken. I write this letter in the hope that people more influential than I am will take the matter up.

Oxford. EDWARD THOMPSON

MARGARET ASHTON MEMORIAL

SIR,—Some friends and admirers of the late Miss Margaret Ashton have formed a committee to raise funds for a Memorial to her life and work. Her interests were so varied, including pioneering in local government, education in its widest sense, public health and international relations, that it has been difficult to think of a single memorial that will best symbolise all aspects of her work for the generations to come. Various suggestions have been made :—

1. A carved stone and wooden seat in one of the public parks, with plaque in commemoration of her work.
2. A Travelling Scholarship for women; to further international relations.
3. A fund from which help might be given to women of all parties who are anxious to stand for election to the City Council but who are prevented from doing so through limited resources.

We should be greatly helped in coming to a decision if intending subscribers could let us know before September 17th which of these proposals they prefer.

SHENA D. SIMON Chairman
M. H. MORLEY } Hon. Secretaries
MAUD GATES }

National Council of Women Offices,
65 Barton Arcade,
Manchester 3.

"THIS LONDON"

SIR,—On one of those torrid nights last week I left my seat in the amphitheatre at Covent Garden and made my way to the bar, full of agreeable anticipation of refreshment in the form of an ice-cold Lager. The foaming glass was placed before me . . . judge of my horror when I found that the drink was *tepid!* In reply to my protest, the attendant damsel explained that *ice was only provided at the stalls and dress circle bar*. Is any beverage more odious than warm beer? The favoured bar referred to was too remote to be reached in the interval, so I remained unrefreshed. This happened the other night in the principal opera house of the principal town of the Empire on which the sun is reported never to set. C. S.

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

Fox at Noonday

I RECENTLY observed in the correspondence columns of a daily paper a letter inquiring whether it was usual to perceive a fox approaching the habitations of man in broad daylight. I can assure the writer of the letter that a fox here, where I live, is in the habit of coming close up to the garden, where men are working, even at noonday. He is trying to catch my chickens, and his bravery is extreme. He dares the daylight, and he dares us all. The fox is usually regarded as a slinky, nocturnal animal, but this particular fox has reversed all my preconceived ideas. He must be either very hungry, or very greedy, or both. He appears at all hours and throws the poultry into hysterical consternation. The pair of guinea-fowl which I possess, especially go frantic whenever the fox appears; it is they, in fact, that give notice of his approach by their insistent cry of "Go back! go back!" Human vocables are often, and too imaginatively, attributed to animals and birds; but in the case of the guinea-fowl it may justifiably be said that they really do exclaim "Go back! go back!" in so clear a voice as to rebuke human beings. One feels snubbed. The fox, less sensitive perhaps to such rebukes, does not feel snubbed but carries on with his marauding ways until the guinea-fowl are driven to take refuge in an oak tree. Perched on the big boughs, they chatter their "Go back! go back!" unheeded.

Animals certainly do behave very strangely at times, and not at all in conformity with their reputed nature. I have a swan which refuses to take to the water. I do not know whether it is a cob or a pen; all I know is that it is one of the most sociable birds I have ever encountered, also one of the most disagreeable. Hissing with temper, flapping its great wings, it approaches whenever it sees me go out to garden, and settles down near me with an expression of intense dislike but a determination to share my company. Failing me, it sits beside the donkey. The other day it tried to follow an old gentleman into his motor car. Company it evidently must have, but with the other water-fowl which sail complacently on the moat it will have nothing to do.

The Alsatian and the Partridge

Courage is also a characteristic sometimes displayed in unexpected quarters. I had heard tales of a lapwing attacking a sparrow-hawk, and of a partridge's reckless bravery in the defence of her young, but never until recently had I watched the scene myself. The first indication I had was the complete and sudden rout of my Alsatian dog, whom I saw flying for refuge across a field, ears back, his tail between his legs, pursued by a small brown bird which tried to peck him as he ran. He reached me panting; but the partridge, not yet having vented her full fury upon him, ignored my presence and continued to batter him with beak and wing. He could have crunched her into one mouthful, but making no attempt to defend himself he crouched to the ground, laughable and harassed, until I finally chased the savage little bird away. She went off to collect her chicks, but it was some time before the dog would be tempted to enter the field again.

Owls

I was gratified to receive a letter from a reader saying that he could hardly wait for me to reveal the horrors that owls included in their nightly diet. He was under the impression, he said, that they lived principally on mice, bats, and beetles. Well, he was almost right; and I fear that my revelations will interest him less qualitatively than quantitively. The variety of the victims is less impressive than the numbers in which they are consumed. When we consider that a pair of young barn owls kept under observation during the space of three weeks devoured one hundred and twenty shrews, forty-five rats, and sixty mice, varied only by a lark, a sparrow, and a partridge, we can estimate that their greed was not paralleled by their selectiveness. In other words, they ate anything they could get, and never seemed to tire of the monotony. An analysis of the pellets cast by adult barn-owls gives a wider range, seven hundred pellets supplying the evidence for one thousand five hundred shrews, ninety voles, two hundred mice, nineteen sparrows, one greenfinch and two swifts. Another analysis, of a mere seventy-five pellets, gives the remains of sixty-nine shrews, twenty-nine voles, sixteen mice, thirty-seven birds, and a few dung beetles.

It would seem, then, that the owl is a valuable ally of the farmer, since it attacks chiefly the mischievous small enemies of the farm. The barn-owl certainly is an ally, and anyone who destroys a barn-owl is committing a foolish crime against his own interests. But what about the Little Owl, *Athene noctua?* [After all, we ought, I suppose, to remember that the phrase "Owls to Athens" was once the equivalent of Coals to Newcastle.] Every now and then, in the Silly Season, the Little Owl becomes News. Is it useful, or mischievous? Ought we to exterminate or encourage it? No one has decided. Personally I think that the Little Owl does more good than harm, since although it may destroy a few small birds during its hunting, it also destroys a number of pests such as rats and slugs. My view is, that the Little Owl ought to be spared. The more owls we have in this country, the better both for the poet and the farmer. V. SACKVILLE WEST

EXILE IN PRAGUE

You rap on the window in a prescribed rhythm, submit to inspection somewhat in the manner of the historic American speakeasy, and then enter an abandoned factory on the outskirts of Prague, to find 136 German refugees (only two or three Jews among them) whose experiences you'd better not listen to if your stomach revolts easily.

Most of the refugees in England and America are of the professional groups, whereas these are skilled workers: electricians, carpenters, stenographers, chauffeurs, trade union officials, and an occasional newspaperman or judge—exiled, like all the rest, because of their convictions as decent, honest, freedom-loving human beings. This the Nazis call "preparation for high treason."

Here is one, a worker on the Hamburg docks, just out of Fuhlsbüttel, one of the very worst of the concentration camps. His head is still swollen from blows. He talks in wild excitement. Every time someone draws near he jerks himself up in fear. It will be awhile before he calms down. He has been out two weeks, but he hears, still, in his sleep, the day and night howling from the women's cells.

He was arrested with 26 others, was beaten green and blue by the Gestapo. Then Fuhlsbüttel. There he slept at night on an iron bed without any bedding. During the day the only place to sit down was the toilet. For five-hour periods he had to stand, perhaps to amuse the guards, with his forehead against the wall. That's not so easy, especially when you've had little to eat. If he moved an inch his face was pushed against the wall until the blood ran. Then followed the light occupation of carrying huge stones to a designated spot, only to be ordered the next day to remove them a few yards. He thought eating tin might end his miseries, but it didn't work. As he lay almost unconscious from his effort to die, a guard asked, "Do you know me?"

"No. Who are you?"

"Oh, yes," assured a second guard, "we know each other all right. You'll soon see." Another beating. (This seems to be a favoured means of establishing identity; like the kindness of waiting until prisoners are asleep and then waking them with a blinding searchlight that burns into their cells for hours.)

Following this "massaging" he was in the infirmary for nine months; he looked so terrible that the authorities were afraid to release him. He hasn't heard from his wife for over a year, although once he managed to send her a message on some suspenders he asked her to exchange. I said I would be glad to look her up in Hamburg. For an instant his face glowed, and then it darkened; she was surely under surveillance—if a stranger visited her she would probably be arrested, to force her to disclose her husband's whereabouts.

Over and over again, the recital of such tortures—denial of medical aid when really ill and in pain; confinement in a cell too small to allow standing erect; teeth knocked out, nerves left exposed; wet cloths wrapped around the heads to prolong the conscious enjoyment of flogging—such torture as made the victims beg to be shot dead, only to be told, "Oh no, we don't work that fast. You just bear up a little longer; maybe you'll confess."

At last, if one is lucky, and has signed a statement that he has not been ill-treated, dismissal, accompanied by the threat that if anyone in the entire street where he formerly lived "spreads any lies" he will be taken into "protective custody" again. Then, fast as bruised limbs permit, and without any farewells, over the border; and if a man's home was in Bavaria, Saxony, or Silesia, he will probably crawl over the mountains and through the woods into the free air of democratic Czechoslovakia.

For ten days I talked, from early morning until late at night, with the refugees and relief committees in Prague. They work tirelessly, but the need is so great that hundreds of refugees are barely existing. Owing to the manner of their escape, most of them arrived without a penny, without identification papers, and with only the clothes then on their bodies. The majority were ill. One man's sight and hearing had been so damaged through maltreatment that for six months he couldn't venture outdoors without a guide.

The smaller refugee residences in Prague are no better. Facilities and equipment are primitive. To keep up their courage, the residents make drawings and posters: "Our children shall be made welcome guests at the Table of Life"; another, heavy with the mournfulness that has oppressed all exiles since the Czechoslovakian Government decreed that they must gradually move into the Bohemian-Moravian district:

> Hither we fled; and now we must flee again.
> One summons courage, and tries to rescue a little something.
> One goes, remembers the little iron beds,
> And often thinks with longing, too, of Berlin.

This removal edict brought consternation to others than refugees. A great many non-Germans in other countries, who had admired and been grateful for Czechoslovakia's insistence on running its own affairs in its own democratic way without interference from or bluffing by any neighbouring State, were genuinely alarmed by what seemed something of an obeisance to the Nazis. A Czechoslovak Government official assured me that it was no such thing; that the question had been considered solely on the basis of what was best for both the refugees and their hosts. No mass removal, no settling them all in one colony, was intended. The territory into which they were urged to go was chosen because there is less unemployment in that region than elsewhere.

The refugees are not embittered. They say, "*This* country isn't responsible for our situation. We are grateful to it for harbouring us at all. We understand the enormously difficult economic and political position of Czechoslovakia, and realise its importance. It's just that, so far as any exile can, we have come to feel ourselves at home here, in spite of the hardships."

The hardships are plentiful. As in some other countries refugees here are not allowed to work without a special labour permit, which, as in England, Holland, France, is terribly hard to get. As they can earn no money for food, and what the relief committees can supply is scanty, most of them are under-nourished. One saintlike old Prague physician whom I met treats—free—about 80 patients a day; among his charges are 20 severe cases of diabetes. He can get only a fraction of the necessary insulin. When his wife brings lunch to his consulting room he usually hands it to some half-starved refugee. Many emigrants still die from starvation and freezing, but there are not so many suicides as at first.

The 136 men and women living in the factory mentioned previously get 3,500 Czech crowns (about £21) a week for food and coal. Two pounds or so goes for special delicacies for the ill, of whom there are, always, from 20 to 25. For breakfast, for instance, the invalids, get, instead of the regulation two slices of bread with marmalade or margarine but no butter, four small rolls with real butter and tea. (If you've not sampled the bread and rolls the Germans at home now have to eat—and get stomach trouble from—you can't appreciate what a real luxury those four small Prague rolls represent.) Then they have a second breakfast too, of two rolls and thin chicory-coffee with milk and sugar. The comparatively healthy never get milk or sugar.

At noon comes the main meal, usually mixed beans, peas and lentils, or goulash. If it's a thin dish, there's bread too but not if the so-called stew is thick. (Invalids whose stomachs have been ruined by concentration camp fare again get special food.) For supper, four pieces of bread apiece, two of them spread with margarine. Each person is allowed 25 grams of margarine a day. Various firms used to donate food, but lately this has stopped, owing to the needs of Spain and China and the increasing prices and hard times in Czechoslovakia, with the result that 80 per cent. of the refugees are under-nourished. A group of Prague physicians have promised to give them all a thorough going-over.

Unless they have Czech friends, these exiles get no clothes at all. Luxuries are of course non-existent, except for an

occasional pack of cigarettes traded for foreign postage stamps. Two theatres are generous with free tickets, however.

Remember that in their native Germany these people lived comfortably. Nor are they grumbling; their fortitude in exile is something to marvel at. But they are desperately in need of warm clothing, decent shoes, cooking utensils and bedding. There is a chronic shortage of stockings. No money for street cars means a great deal of walking, and shoe soles constantly worn out. The shoemaker among them would gladly keep on soling, only there isn't any more leather. And there is tragic need of medical supplies. The relief committees, one for every political and religious group, work tirelessly, but they must have money and supplies to carry on. The Czechoslovakian Government cannot be expected to provide for all of these refugees (1,500 in Prague alone, thousands more elsewhere in the country) in addition to its own numerous needy. That is the responsibility of every private individual concerned about human decency and democracy. What these people live on for a whole day is less than anyone I have ever encountered would think of leaving as a tip for the serving of a single meal. These refugees didn't ask for help; but anyone who had seen their need could not forgo the chance to plead for them.

CLARA LEISER

A LOVE LETTER

ONCE you asked me what you should do with forty pounds,
Forty pounds had been given to you by I know not who;
Coming up to me when my eyes were upon another girl
You said, "I have forty pounds given to me, tell me what I can do
With forty pounds"—"A fur coat," I suggested—"I already have two."

Blind I was but I noticed you were not beautiful, you
Were nothing so ordinary, hair not straight nor in curl,
A pale, insipid colour; eyes aslant, mouth askew;
Vivid all the more like a dissonance among sweet sounds
Or, as if in a charm of nightingales a cockerel crew.

Like an acid into metal you have bitten into my mind,
Bitten there your shape in its unexpected perfection;
Like a butterfly in a winter-wood or a hurricane confined
In the space of a scent-bottle my imagination has designed
Your figure in my blood-stream for its lust and direction.

Now this is my confession, made in very privacy,
That I have never ceased to adore you in the recesses of my spirit,
Beauty's disinherited angel a greater beauty you inherit,
Exceeding others' is your worship as also is your merit—
Bloom of the unconscious unfolded in secrecy.

If again you were to speak to me darken my understanding
That the words you utter enter not my soul;
For I would have you extraneous, disparate and whole,
Like Lesbos in the Mediterranean or a Pacific atoll
Where the waters of Venus foam but there is never a landing.

W. J. TURNER

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN METROLAND

THE little town always had an air of grit about it, as one came in under the echoing tin railway arch associated with shabby prams and Sunday walks, unwilling returns to Evensong—grit beside the watercress beds and on the panes of the station's private entrance which the local lord had not used for generations. Now it appeared from the elderly lady's conversation and the furtive appearances in the lamplight that the grit had really worked in. Neither country nor city, a dormitory district—there are things which go on in dormitories . . .

Sunday evening, and the bells jangling in the town; small groups of youths hovered round the traffic lights, while the Irish servant girls crept out of back doors in the early dark. "Romans," the elderly lady called them. You couldn't keep them in at night—they would arrive with the milk in a stranger's car from Watford, slipping out in stockinged feet from the villas above the valley. The youths—smarmed and scented hair and bitten cigarettes—greeted them in the dark with careless roughness. There were so many fish in the sea . . . sexual experience had come to them too early and too easily. The London, Midland and Scottish Line waited for everyone.

Up on the hillside the beech trees were in glorious and incredible decay: little green boxes for litter put up by the National Trust had a dainty and doyly effect; and in the inn the radio played continuously. You couldn't escape it: with your soup a dramatised account of the battle of Mons, and with the joint a Methodist church service. Four one-armed men dined together, arranging their seats so that their arms shouldn't clash.

In the morning, mist lay heavy on the Chilterns. Boards marking desirable building lots dripped on short grass where the sheep were washed out. The skeletons of harrows lay unburied on the wet stubble. With visibility shut down to fifty yards you got no sense of a world, of simultaneous existences: each thing was self-contained like an image of private significance, standing for something else—Metroland, loneliness. The door of the Plough Inn chimed when you pushed it, ivory balls clicked and a bystander said, "They do this at the Crown, Margate"—England's heart beating out in bagatelle towards her eastern extremity; the landlady had a weak heart, and dared not serve food these days in case she went off just like that in the rush. In a small front garden before a red villa a young girl knelt in the damp with an expression abased and secretive while she sawed through the limbs of a bush, the saw wailing through wet wood, and a woman's angry voice called "Judy, Judy," and a dog barked in the poultry farm across the way. A cigarette fumed into ash with no one in sight, only a little shut red door marked Ker Even; "the leading Cairn Terrier Farm" was noisy on the crest of the down, the dogs like the radio, never ceasing—how does life go on? And at the newsagent's in the market town below the Chiltern ridge there was a shrewd game on sale, very popular locally, called "Monopoly," played with dice and counters—"The object of owning property is to collect rent from opponents stopping there. Rentals are greatly increased by the erection of houses and hotels . . . Players falling on an unoccupied square may raise a loan from the bank, otherwise property will be sold to the highest bidder. . . . Players may land in jail." The soil exacted no service and no love: among the beechwoods a new house was for sale. It had only been lived in a month: the woods and commons were held out by wire. The owners, married last December, were divorced this summer. Neither wanted the house. A handyman swept up the leaves—a losing fight—and lamented the waste. "Four coats of paint in every room . . . I was going to make a pond in that dell—and I was just getting the kitchen garden straight—you can see for yourself."

Kick these hills and they bleed white. The mist is like an exhalation of the chalk. Beechwoods and gorse and the savage Metro heart behind the Whipsnade wire: elephants turning and turning behind glass on little aesthetic circular platforms like exhibits in a "modern" shop window, behind them dripping firs as alien as themselves; ostriches suddenly visible at thirty yards, like snakeheads rising out of heaps of dung. A wolf wailing invisibly in the mist, the sun setting at 4.30, the traffic lights out in the High Street and the Irish maids putting the door on the latch. In an hour or two the commutors return to sleep in their Siberian dormitory—an acre of land, a desirable residence for as long as the marriage lasts, no roots, no responsibility for the child on the line. "The object of owning property . . ."

GRAHAM GREENE

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Last Trump," at Malvern

The theatre is always a game of hazard. While anything can go wrong, almost anything can go right. To the many elements of theatre-luck must be added that of timing. Mr. James Bridie's contribution to the Malvern Festival, *The Last Trump*, came just after Lord Dunsany's piece on *Alexander*. The latter, a study of megalomania's decline and fall, seemed like a survival from the epoch of Tree. It needed either tremendous poetry, tremendous production, or tremendous fascination in the performance and got none of them. The critics, passing from Dunsany to Bridie, were ready for any kind of light relief and gave a rapturous welcome to *The Last Trump*. Mr. Bridie would be prudent if he took these raptures cautiously, remembering the circumstances. This dramatist can deal himself a fine hand but he will play all his aces straight away. His new piece begins grandly with clinical comedy which takes place over and around the body of a Scottish financier, a blood-pressure man with a new scheme for industrialising the Highlands and a nice equipment of repartee for the queries of doctors. The study of greed is followed by a study of fear and both are powerful. But the play starts with such a rattle of intelligent gaiety that the second half is bound to show a slackening of wit and interest. When will Mr. Bridie learn to drive his plays upward instead of starting on the top and letting them slide down?

"Music at Night," at Malvern

It is an act of generosity for an author of established reputation to give new work to a Festival. His play, lumped in as one of six, cannot be cast as he would choose, is in risk of inadequate direction and rehearsal, and generally stands up to be shot at. The royalties to be made on five or six performances are a trifling return for the trouble and expense of living and working for a fortnight or so on the spot. Mr. Priestley, however, gave Malvern an extremely interesting piece called *Music at Night*, in which the shadowy lives of the subconscious selves of a group listening to a new concerto were evoked and illumined. The types chosen, smart society woman, Fleet Street gossip-hound, eager young Communist with long hair and sandals, political fogey in search of his youth, rich employer with a scoundrel's past, and so on, were rather a reach-me-down lot, but the dramatic method employed was arresting and the people were certainly more lively than the Mr. Zero, First Film-Fan, and Third Tram-Driver of the usual Expressionist outfit. Mr. Ayliff, who produced all six plays on six successive nights at Malvern, a gallant drudgery but surely a foolish one, had toiled extremely hard to work out Mr. Priestley's notions in light-and-shadow. Whatever may be the general verdict on the ideas and people of the play, it did belong to the art of the modern theatre, cried out for imaginative acting and direction, and to some extent received them. It will be done again and done better. Meanwhile, it is adding notably to the strength and savour of this year's Malvern waters.

"Little Tough Guy," at the Leicester Square

The English writer hears of the fabulous salaries paid at Hollywood for film-scripts, and then listens with amazement to dialogue provided so expensively for great stars, as for instance in *Marie Walewska*. *Little Tough Guy* is another conspicuous example of stupid waste. The "Dead End Kids" are a brilliant group of adolescent actors, and somebody had an excellent notion for a film to display them: a rich man's son organises their nefarious activities out of desire for power and sensation. (This youthful des Esseintes is remarkably well played.) But a potentially exciting film has been made slow and boring by the introduction of a peculiarly tedious "love-interest." The crudity of the melodrama is made all too obvious by the oddly slow *tempo* adopted by the Director, and it is only when the Kids appear that for a minute or two the boredom abates. It was only by exercising the patience of Griselda that we sat on till the conventionally happy ending.

"The Boy from Barnardo's," at the Empire

This film has been less favourably received by many critics than *Little Tough Guy*, but it seemed to us very much better entertainment. The story is ingenuous, and the script undistinguished, but the photography is pleasing and the pace tolerably fast. Freddie Bartholomew is a sharp, spoiled boy who has been used as an accomplice by a pair of crooks. He is sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes where he is trained for the Mercantile Marine. His conceit makes him very much disliked, but he is handled with almost incredible tact, and is successfully reformed. (It is interesting to gather that the methods of Mr. Neill are so much in favour in Barnardo circles.) Mickey Rooney as an older boy who takes Freddie under his wing gives a dazzling performance, and succeeds in making a priggish part extremely attractive. Those of us who, some thirty years ago, endured lantern-lectures at our prep-schools about "The Largest Family in the World" will recognise that this film represents a staggering progress in the publicity-methods of the Barnardo Homes, but the entertainment is very naif compared with films about children made on the Continent. Mr. Bartholomew is admirable in the earlier part of the film, though his regeneration does not convince. Hollywood has made a laudable effort to keep out the American accent, but we doubt if old Barnardo boys would recognise their school. If you can bear the uplift about *esprit de corps*, the *Queen Mary* and all that, this film is excellent entertainment.

"Son of Mongolia," at the Berkeley

This particularly enjoyable Russian film displays the picturesque life of Mongolia—vast plains rimmed with mountains, shepherds riding horses that seem to come from Chinese paintings, shamans expectorating blessings, and the stylised dance-like movements of wrestlers. The plot has the charm of a folk-tale: to become a hero and win his Amazonian bride, the protagonist is induced by a villainous soothsayer to voyage East. He crosses the frontier of Manchukuo and is condemned to death for protesting against the cruelly oppressive Japanese and their hirelings. He escapes home to Mongolia and wins his bride. The simplicity of his character is in the best folk tradition, and the actor gives a superb performance. But the power of the film comes from the wonderful photographs of a romantic world. This is incomparably the most beautiful film visually since the *Kermesse Heroique*. It is a pity that we are treated to a glorification of Soviet strength in tanks and aeroplanes, which strikes a rather unhappy realistic note in so fanciful a film. But this, like the statement that there are no executioners in Mongolia, is a pill of propaganda which can easily be swallowed. *Son of Mongolia* is one of the very few films that leave the memory charged with beautiful and extraordinary images. The programme includes a "March of Time."

Mixed Summer Exhibitions at the Leicester Galleries, the Lefévre, the Redfern, the Beaux and the Goupil

The Royal Academy is now closed, but the visitor to London can see an incomparably more interesting and representative collection of contemporary paintings by going to the five galleries mentioned above. Here are to be found over five hundred works, including examples of almost every living English painter who is worth the attention of the serious connoisseur. The exhibitions at the Leicester Galleries and the Redfern are the largest, that at the Lefèvre is the most distinguished. The visitor's attention is specially called to pictures by Sickert, Spencer Gore, Duncan Grant, Frances Hodgkins, Gertler, Leslie Hunter, Ivon Hitchens, S. J. Peploe, Vanessa Bell, John Nash, George Bergen, David Jones, Matthew Smith, Ethel Walker, Victor Pasmore, Sylvia Gosse, and among the less known painters, Humphrey Spender, Walter Goetz, Susan Palmer, Jane Simon Bussy, Barry Craig, Margaret Mellis and Adrian Stokes. There are works also in these shows by Cézanne, Renoir, Guys, Gauguin, Modigliani, Picasso, Matisse, Bonnard, Vuillard, and Utrillo. It is extremely useful that mixed exhibitions should be staged in August, when there are many visitors to London from the provinces, where the best modern painters are too rarely seen.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, August 14th.
Third week of Fabian Summer School, Dartington Hall, Totnes.

MONDAY, August 15th.
Summer School of Acting and Dramatic Production, Citizen House, Bath.
"They Fly by Twilight," Barn Theatre, Shere.

TUESDAY, August 16th.
Annual Meeting of British Association for the Advancement of Science, Cambridge. Till August 24th.
"She Too Was Young," Wyndham.

WEDNESDAY, August 17th.
"The Fleet's Lit up," Hippodrome.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Racial Proverbs, "A Selection of the World's Proverbs arranged Linguistically," by Selwyn Gurney Champion (Routledge, 35*s*.), is a fascinating volume, if only because it can be read in so many ways. Approach it as a collector, as one who has gathered door knobs or cigarette cards, and you will welcome in the "paroemiographer" (new to me) a fellow maniac. "Mrs. Tuomikoski tells us that the Finnish Literature Society and Dictionary Endowment have now in their possession one million, five hundred and fifty thousand Finnish proverbs"; that is the note, the collector's background. Or finding that similar proverbs occur in every language, you read on in order to prove a theory—that human nature is the same everywhere, or that everyone has borrowed from everyone else. You will very soon find that on any particular subject —"death" or "woman," for example—humanity has only half a dozen things to say, and they are scarcely worth saying. Death is a door at the end of a narrow passage; woman is gaudy, fickle, in league with the devil, and as necessary to man as she is to be avoided. Does this level of commonplace depress you? Then *Racial Proverbs* will provide a vast and authentic *sottisier* in which you can nose out stupidities by the thousand. Perhaps you are tired of hearing the music-hall joke about mothers-in-law; switch to Abyssinia where it is the brother-in-law who is made the target of spite. Familiar thoughts become more attractive as they get away from home, as they take in new landscapes and ways of living, so that "The cicada knows nothing of snow" (Chinese) or "Bless the date-trees, for they are your aunts" (Arab) seem pretty to us in a way which would not strike those who are born to them. And there are other reasons why the proverbs of the East—and especially the Chinese, Arabian, and Persian—make so much better reading than the Negro or European. For one thing, they have been consciously cultivated as a form of expression —there is a Chinese saying that every poem contains a picture, and the same might be said of their proverbs—and many of the examples given by Mr. Champion are small prose poems of high excellence. They differ, too, in being the expression not so much of a workaday shrewdness as of centuries of cultured thought and living. Confucianism seems far more integral a part of Chinese speech than Christianity has ever been for the European, whose proverbs in most cases assert the pagan horse-sense of peasant and petty bourgeois. Not much evidence, in our own well-worn local sayings, of infiltration *from the top*. Side by side with the marvellous phrases of the Bible we find the crabbed jingles of our own invention; the two rarely join.

* * *

Possibly because they adopt a more persuasive tone in giving advice, the Chinese are better proverb-makers than any other race. I find their mixture of punctilio and sense, their delicate fun, clear imagery and hinting approach to truth, singularly agreeable. Love and Death, the two subjects on which popular comment is usually emptiest, provided me with at least two good Chinese sayings. Of the first: "Never the time and the place and the loved one all together" (some mandarin discovered this centuries before Browning); of the second, "A dead man is terrible as a tiger, a dead tiger harmless as a lamb." Here are some other Chinese proverbs:

> The quiet duck puts its foot on the unobservant worm.
>
> There is no economy in going to bed early to save candles if the result be twins.
>
> There are only affectionate fathers and mothers, but no affectionate sons and daughters.
>
> Do not remove a fly from your friend's forehead with a hatchet. (Cf. Dr. Johnson's "Don't hurl a half-crown at a beggar so as to stun him.")
>
> Man combs his hair every morning, why not his heart?
>
> A hasty man drinks his tea with a fork.
>
> Though conversing face to face, their hearts have a thousand miles between.
>
> A piece of paper blown by the wind into the law-court may in the end only be drawn out by two oxen.
>
> The sorrows of the rich are not real sorrows; the comforts of the poor are not real comforts.
>
> The rose has thorns only for those who would gather it.
>
> Although there exist many thousand subjects for elegant conversation, there are persons who cannot meet a cripple without talking about feet.

If one may take Mr. Champion's *Racial Proverbs* as representative (and they seem to be) the Chinese are almost the only race who praise books, study and good manners. They are certainly the masters of a perfect and elusive form in proverb-making. More particular to themselves, I notice an aphorism in which porpoise is exalted as the best dish and the poppy-cup is said to banish the need for love.

* * *

The other great proverb-makers of the world are the Arabs —we need only to have read *The Thousand and One Nights* to know that. How often, in that entrancing book, a situation grows out of a proverb or is summed up in one, a lover speeding across the city to his beloved meets a friend with whom he stops to exchange quotations! With the Arabs the proverb takes often the form of a simile or fable:

> They came to shoe the Pasha's horse and the beetle stretched out his leg.

That is delicious; beside it Aesop looks clumsy. More pictorial than even the Chinese, these Arabian proverbs project a whole nomad life, caravans, camels, horses, the desert, and the mirage of date-palms and shady cities. "The air of heaven is that which blows between a horse's ears." "The sand blows in the face of him who prays." The tone of the Arab's reflections on life, in contrast to a vivid imagery, is patient and gently pensive; the love between brothers is exalted above any other. I liked these simple sayings:

> The camel-driver has his plans and the camel has his.
>
> A book is like a garden carried in the pocket.
>
> In the desert one forgets everything, one remembers nothing any more.
>
> He lingers like English colonisation. (This from Iraq.)
>
> Every man thinks his own fleas gazelles.
>
> O my house, my dear little house, hider of my little failings!
>
> He fled from the rain and sat under the waterspout. (An improvement on the frying pan and the fire.)
>
> I had no shoes, and I murmured, till I met a man who had no feet.

The Persian proverb, allied to both Chinese and Arab, shows similar qualities and the decorativeness of easier and more ceremonial living. "May your nose grow fat," the common greeting in Persia, seems to come from an affable race. This parable shows them to be also humorously subtle:

> A poor man waited a thousand years before the gate of Paradise, then while he snatched one little nap, it opened and shut.

(Do you scent Kafka?) Of the Japanese and Indian sections of Mr. Champion's book I have no space to write, but I found attractive things in each.

* * *

And of course it is a book in which one could go on pursuing curiosities for ever! Idly I have started on one or two trails. For example, in the English section, *parsley* (owing apparently to the difficulty of sowing) is made the emblem of a shrew. "It takes a shrew to sow parsley" comes from Devonshire, and "Parsley grows only in the gardens of henpecked husbands" from Hampshire and Dorset. Even odder, to one who has not read Havelock Ellis, is the statement, also English: "Madmen and lame men copulate best." There is very little in Mr. Champion's *Racial Proverbs* about copulation (a subject on which popular opinion might be interesting), and perhaps for that reason the origin of this remark happened to catch my eye on another page. Under "Greek," which includes both ancient and modern Greece, I found this note:

> A lame man copulates best. (*Proverb quoted by the Queen of the Amazons with reference to a conquered tribe who had been hamstrung.*)

Obviously the Queen's remark was a witticism of the "Why don't they eat cake" variety, but it would be interesting to

know where *she* got the proverb from. Or perhaps it really is true, and the good Englishwomen found it out for themselves ? In any case, this is a remarkable proverb, for it is one of the few proverbs I have ever read which come from a woman's experience. The rest, I'm sure, were invented by men. Mr. Champion does not comment on this in his introduction, nor so far as I know do the twenty-seven other learned gentlemen who have also contributed introductions. Indeed, the only fault of his otherwise excellent selection and indexing of proverbs, which has taken him twenty-seven years of labour, is that it needed not twenty-eight introductions by paroemiographers, but a long, scholarly and immensely readable essay which would start us off on a rather forbidding kind of book. And the man to have done it?—Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith. G. W. STONIER

THE EDWARDIAN READER

After the Victorians. By AMY CRUSE. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In *The Victorians and their Books* Mrs. Cruse assembled a mass of fascinating information about the tastes of the reader in the years 1837–1887. From diaries, autobiographies, essays, novels and newspapers she collected hundreds of references, and the result was a book invaluable to the student and delightful to the general reader. Her new book covers in similar style the years 1887–1914 : if it is rather less interesting Mrs. Cruse is not to blame. The period she is treating is one of disintegration, and even of decadence. Instead of Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës, George Eliot, Carlyle, Ruskin, Macaulay, Newman and Darwin we have Oscar Wilde, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Henley, Francis Thompson, Housman, Bridges, George Moore, Henry James, Stevenson, Meredith, Hardy, Kipling, Conrad, Galsworthy, Shaw, Arnold Bennett, Wells. There is an increase in conscious art, but a notable diminution in stature. One may prefer James to Dickens, one cannot believe him to be so great a writer :

> The literature offered to the Edwardians, though much of it was trashy and ephemeral, contained much that was extremely good of its kind. If there was little genius among the writers of the day there was abundance of cleverness ; and this cleverness was, for the most part, exercised in the writing of novels. The novel was rapidly becoming the most characteristic and most popular form of literary art. It had been popular in the days of the Victorians, but then it had its rivals in poetry, in sermons, in works on religion and science. With the Edwardians it was almost supreme . . .

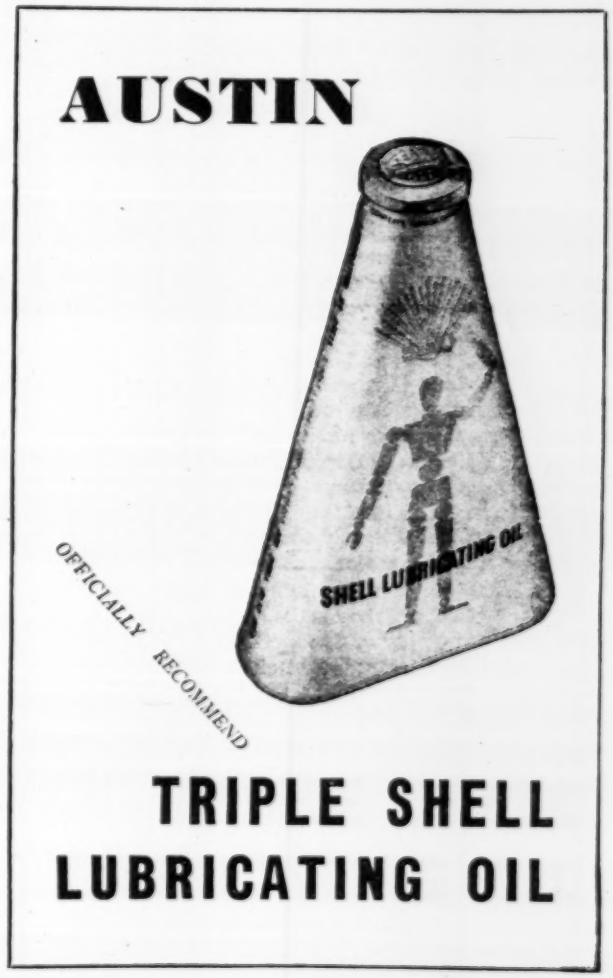
To compensate for the loss of the earnest, untidy, Victorian giants the English reader becomes less insular. Dumas, Daudet, Maupassant, Zola, Anatole France, Ibsen, Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Turgeniev and Dostoievsky are imported. But this new cosmopolitanism is evidence of a widening difference in taste among readers. According to the Oxford Dictionary, the word " highbrowed," in the sense of " intellectually superior," appeared first (in America) in 1908. (" Highbrow " is a word which, like " Christian," was used first pejoratively, but I think that now highbrows glory in the name. It was M. André Maurois, I fancy, who defined a highbrow as a person who preferred good books and pictures to bad ones.) The gulf between highbrows and the rest first became marked, I think, about 1890. The Senior Common Room and the bucolic sewing-bee had expected the latest dollop of Dickens with equal impatience ; Tennyson was popular with almost all who could read. But Meredith, Henry James and Bridges appealed exclusively to what Stendhal called " the happy few." And not only was there this new class of highly conscious, exquisitely fastidious connoisseurs, but an enormous new public of readers was produced by the Education Act of 1870, readers with a voracious appetite for trash ; and the trash manufactured for their benefit unluckily appealed also to many readers who had previously been content, like their intellectual betters, to enjoy the great Victorians. Already in the nineties books were becoming very much cheaper in both senses of the word.

Mrs. Cruse points out that the books the post-Victorians liked best were those which gave them most to argue about. As early as 1888 *Robert Elsmere* excited the widest discussion. (A traveller in London, we are told, reported that he had seen twelve copies in the hands of the passengers in one omnibus.) Oscar Wilde, and later Shaw and Wells, profited by this taste no less than vulgar novelists like Marie Corelli and Hall Caine. Mudie and W. H. Smith (both of them firms founded by Dissenters) gave the dashing young writers like George Moore an invaluable advertisement. (Smith's consented to circulate *Esther Waters* only after Mr. Gladstone had expressed his approval, on a postcard, of the book's morality.) Vizitelly was jailed for publishing the " obscene " works of Zola. Young people were finding clandestine enjoyment in the shocking works of Thomas Hardy, and parents were continually being obliged to burn books—and books are infernally difficult to burn, as Augustine Birrell pointed out in one of his most entertaining essays. A new generation was knocking at the door, and the devotees of Thackeray, Dickens and Trollope were on the defensive.

Mrs. Cruse remarks upon a change in the reader :

> The Edwardians did not talk familiarly of Wells and Bennett, Chesterton and Shaw as their fathers had talked of Dickens and Thackeray, George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë. There were reviews, of course, and formal criticisms, but the intimate, interested note is missing. Each book as it came out was received with applause by the large section of the public to which it appealed, but there was no general excitement, no warmth of personal welcome.

Kipling came nearest to enjoying the all-embracing popularity of the great Victorians. And then there were writers like Antony Hope, Rider Haggard, Stanley Weyman, Lucas Malet, Jacobs, Jerome, Crockett, Anstey, E. T. Fowler, Barry Pain, Mrs. de la Pasture, and Seton Merriman, favourites with the great middle-low public that found Shaw and Wells too upsetting, James and Moore too precious. Mrs. Cruse has little to say of these, but the time has come when a critical account of them would be very welcome. (I have had the curiosity to look at Seton Merriman. He narrates well, and uses words with some distinction, but oh ! how intolerably arch and knowing !) During the present century the technique of the novelist has improved enormously. Compared with such widely read modern novelists as Miss Rebecca West, Miss Rosamond Lehmann, Miss Rose Macaulay and Miss E. M. Delafield, the favourites of the Boer War period seem absurdly, though not always disagreeably, childish.



In this book Mrs. Cruse has not had so much material as in *The Victorians and their Books*, for the correspondence and memoirs of the post-Victorian generation are still largely unpublished. Moreover, the steadily increasing number of books was accompanied by an increasing differentiation among readers. "The Common Reader" that flourished through the eighteenth and most of the nineteenth century had disappeared. But Mrs. Cruse has collected some very curious facts. Let me end with two instances. One is quoted from Mr. Aylmer Maude. A committee of Quakers accepted £150, the proceeds of Mrs. Maude's translation of Tolstoy's *Resurrection*, for a fund to assist the non-resisting sect of Doukhobors:

> A year later—some of them having meanwhile read the first seventeen chapters of the book—they resolved to refund the money on the ground that the work contained passages likely to pollute the mind of the reader. One member of the committee mentioned finding the book in his house and burning it. Another wrote to remonstrate with Tolstoy on the sin he had committed in writing it. Others, who had not read any part of the book, hearing its nature described at the meeting called to consider the matter, agreed that it would be a stain on the Society of Friends to use money coming from the sale of such a work.

This incident occurred in the present century. The following story is about the Prince of Wales, presumably in the 1893:

> For *Barabbas* his admiration was extreme. He called at Downing Street soon after he had read it, Miss Mary Gladstone says, and was full of its praises. He found Lady Sarah Spencer reading to Mr. Gladstone from a volume of Southey, and he insisted that the book should be put aside and *Barabbas* read instead. The old statesman bore it for an hour, and then by way of comment uttered the one word "Southey."

RAYMOND MORTIMER

POWERS OF DARKNESS

The Struggle for Religious Freedom in Germany. By THE DEAN OF CHICHESTER. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The War Against the West. By AUREL KOLNAI. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

The Dean of Chichester is to be congratulated upon this important contribution to the understanding, in England, of what has really happened in Germany since 1933. He discovers the hitherto blurred yet essential contours of his own subject, tracing the Protestant struggle up to the inevitable imprisonment of Niemöller, then describing the consistent anti-Catholic campaign from the days of the 1933 Concordat, via Smuggling and Immorality trials, to the publication of the Encyclical of March 14th, 1937, by an exceedingly anti-Communist Pope. And in taking the conflict between the Christian Churches and National Socialism as his theme, the Dean also offers a concise and lucid analysis of the ideological challenge which threatens to shake Western civilisation to its very foundations. This frowning menace, this "War against the West," has, in the meantime, been provided with an encyclopaedic background by M. Aurel Kolnai.

Englishmen are loath to believe Mr. Voigt when, in *Unto Caesar*, he points out that the Great War and the Treaty of Versailles were nothing but incidents in the evolution of the German Problem, which, as M. Kolnai demonstrates, is still the problem of the defence of Graeco-Roman civilisation against the onslaught of barbarism. A number of Westerners have tardily realised the importance of *Mein Kampf*, but they are mostly unaware that Herr Hitler is only one of the youngest members of the immense family of German racialist writers. They may have read a little Nietzsche and have heard of Lagarde and Houston Stewart Chamberlain, but they know nothing of Moeller van den Bruck and almost nothing of Stefan George and his circle. *The War Against the West* is, unfortunately, too long and unrelieved to attract the general reader, but it is important that this compendium of racialism should have been made; it should become an invaluable reference book.

One of the greatest difficulties encountered by all would-be interpreters of the Germanic creed is the language in which it is presented. The notions it embodies are often incomprehensible to the Frenchman or Englishman because they are capable of expression in nothing other than German. M. Kolnai, in his section on the "We-experience," shows how exactly National Socialism may be equated with tribalism. Here also he grapples with the awe-inspiring problem of how to convey the significance of *Bund* and *bündisch*, with their obscure conglomeration of meanings ranging from a political confederation to the homosexual *Bund* as conceived by Stefan George. "We may as well repeat," M. Kolnai adds here, "that Nazi-ism must not be regarded as having an unalloyed *Bündisch* outlook. In some ways the *Bündisch* 'boom' is only destined to loosen the joints of liberal civilisation and effect the transition to more primitive and irrational 'communitarian' forms of society. Yet it remains true that the special factor of oligarchic and military domination over a people reduced to more servile conditions and a more unconscious way of living is reserved for a set of masters tied to one another on largely *Bündisch* lines."

The stumbling-block of *Volk* and *völkisch* is also familiar to many of us, and here again M. Kolnai has done yeoman service. "*Volk*," he writes, "is the twilight sphere *entre chien et loup*, between Nation and Race. Nation designates the political unit of action; Race, the anthropological material of construction; *Volk* the link between the two, nature waking to self-consciousness and activity, essence assuming its primal form." He goes on to refer to Herder's vision of an "'organic, plant-like unfolding of *Volksseelen*,' a vision far more liable to explode the edifice of Mankind than any Jingo dream of brutal conquest and expansive domination." There might perhaps have been room for a little further elucidation of the confused question of the Germans outside Germany. It is particularly valuable, however, that M. Kolnai has emphasised the antithesis between *völkisch* and democratic conceptions. "Notwithstanding its Fascist creed favourable to State totality and omnipotence, typical Nazi thought insists on placing the *Volk* above the State. This has, of course, nothing to do with democracy, save in the sense of its more complete elimination. State-power soaring above the people may, in a dialectical manner, call into play the complementary term of popular control; State-power as an apparatus instrumental to *Volk* genius will upset beforehand any aspirations to interference from the people. The more popular the State poses to be in its mystical, uncontrollable 'substance,' the less popular need it be in its actual structure."

It is always easier to diagnose than to cure. In so far as he sets himself the second task at all M. Kolnai offers the following credo for those who seek to resist the Powers of Darkness. "We believe," he writes, "that true community can be based only on personality . . . with its susceptibility to moral elevation; we are convinced that the superhuman community of the Tribalists (a little later M. Kolnai refers to their pride in being 'so much like themselves') . . . is but a godless ghost, a monster that abuses the devotion of men, misdirects their energies, leads them astray, and drives them to the most brazen and irredeemable forms of collective selfishness." There must, he believes, be a new and a purified *Entente*, a word which, as he reminds us, means Understanding; the rest of mankind must write again in the name of Reason and Liberty. It would be easy to complain of one or two stylistic turgidities. It would be easier still to complain that M. Kolnai perhaps over-simplifies the issue by uncritically accepting Soviet Russia as his ally and by not taking seriously the Duce's neo-Roman view of civilisation. It remains incontestable that he has made a valuable contribution in the struggle against obscurantism.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

A CATHOLIC HISTORIAN

The History of the Popes: Vols. XXVII, XXVIII, XXIX. By LUDWIG VON PASTOR. *Kegan Paul.* 15*s.* per volume.

The last three volumes of Pastor's history to appear in English cover the period from 1621 to 1644, and the reigns of two distinguished popes, Gregory XV (Ludovisi) who died in 1623, and Urban VIII (Barberini) whose pontificate lasted twenty-one years. Both were eminent figures of Catholicism, able, upright, morally virtuous, devoted to the interests of their Church. By worldly standards both were admirable men, and though neither rose above the common papal vice of nepotism, by this same vice they did much to beautify the city of Rome.

The years covered by their reigns were eventful for the Church, years of difficulty and yet of achievement. It was the age, as Pastor says, of Catholic reformation and restoration. On the imperial throne sat Ferdinand II, Jesuit by education and persecutor of heretics by conviction. The Thirty Years' War restored Bohemia to Catholicism and placed a Catholic elector in the Palatinate. When Gregory XV ascended the throne of St. Peter he could hope that all Germany would be saved for the faith. When Urban VIII died, that hope had been defeated, but France,

Poland and the Spanish Netherlands were mainly Catholic, what Ferdinand had won in Germany had not been lost, while the foundation in 1622 of the *Congregatio de Propaganda Fide* and the rapid development of the Society of Jesus had given an organised energy to Catholic missions not only among the heretics but also in the Far East and the Far West.

In spite of all the difficulties with which the Church still had to contend, from the national ambitions of the French, the "Caesaro-papalism" of Spain, the obstinacy of England and the hardheartedness of the heretics in general, on the whole Pastor paints a triumphant picture. And it is peculiar how, as he advances away from the Middle Ages towards our present time and problems, one finds it less and less possible to accept his reading of events or sympathise with his conclusions. Not from a partisan resentment at the Church's achievement, but from an antipathy to the spirit in which the story is told. For the historian of Catholicism the Thirty Years' War is a triumph, marred only by the tortuous behaviour of Richelieu, whose unscrupulous policy prevented it being so complete a triumph as it ought to have been. That this same war plunged Central Europe into "an abysm of barbarism and misery" he does not realise, or does not care. The words are from Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's *History of Europe*, and he goes on to say: "At the beginning of the sixteenth century Germany stood in the forefront of European civilisation. By the end of the Thirty Years' War the country was barren of literature, burdened by an almost unmanageable language, and in its social manners and customs sunk to a Muscovite barbarity." Can souls be bought too dear?

The truth is that there are two ideas to which, in the past, civilised Europeans have tended increasingly to subscribe, and to which Catholicism in general and Pastor in particular seem to be impervious. These are respect for human life and respect for free intellectual inquiry. I do not claim that any country or sect has at any time universally accepted these ideas, and least of all to-day. But the best have subscribed to them, and one has come to look for them in those one would admire. To a Catholic like Pastor there is nothing shocking in a Vicar of Christ who presses for renewal of hostilities with heretics in Holland and instructs his nuncios to oppose any talk of armistice or treaty of peace. Souls that cannot be saved by persuasion may yet be saved by compulsion. So war or any cruelty is better than that heretics should live unmolested. According to Lamormaini, Jesuit confessor to the Emperor Ferdinand—"if a place refused to accept the Catholic teaching, it was due to obstinacy and hardheartedness, since the necessary instruction had not been wanting. Such obstinacy may be broken by quartering soldiers in the houses of the heretics." That such a point of view was common to all the sects in the seventeenth century is undeniable. That it should have survived in a man of Pastor's intelligence is odd, and repulsive.

But even odder than his inhumanity is his imperviousness to any sense of intellectual honesty. He condemns Jansenism not only on account of the harshness of its teaching, but because Jansen dared to question the decisions of the Church on a subject, grace and the freedom of the will, on which the Church had forbidden discussion. Such questioning, he seems to think, was as superfluous as the Emperor's request for "a dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary," which he dismisses as "a purely theological question the definition of which belonged to a Council or . . . to the Supreme Head of the Church." Examining the condemnation of Galileo he compares it to the derision and persecution often meted out to eminent scientists by their colleagues. He does not see that, while one scientist may mistakenly reject the discovery of another, he does not question his right to experiment or to draw his own conclusions. He admits that the Church was guilty of an error of fact, but does not see that what caused the lasting scandal was that it was guilty of an error of principle.

In a word, it is not the method of the history that repels. That remains as admirably thorough and learned as ever, though the present translator is a pity. It is the spirit that antagonises, a sense of something inhuman in the great historian. The Council of Trent, said Lord Acton, "impressed on the Church the stamp of an intolerant age and perpetuated by its decrees the spirit of an austere immorality." It made the Church we see at work in Spain, in Austria, in Italy, the Church that might so well have been the handmaiden of Hitler, had he not preferred to persecute her. And the Church made Baron Pastor. "Alia ratio est saecularium, alia divinarum." And these volumes tempt us to add—"alia etiam ecclesiae."

FLORA GRIERSON

GROCER'S WINE

Proems. By RUTHVEN TODD, PATRICK EVANS, RAYNER HEPPENSTALL, EDGAR FOXALL, LAWRENCE DURRELL, OSWELL BLAKESTON. *Fortune Press.* 6s.

Hoelderlin's Madness. By DAVID GASCOYNE. *Dent.* 5s.

Memoir, 1887-1937. By GEORGE ROSTREVOR HAMILTON. *Heinemann.* 5s.

Sonnets and Verse. By HILAIRE BELLOC. *Duckworth.* 7s. 6d.

The Bones of My Hand. By EDWARD JAMES. *Oxford.* 10s. 6d.

The order in which I have written the titles of these books gives precedence to the seriousness of the writers of *Proems*, second place to the charming talent of Mr. Gascoyne, third to the restrained graven senior gravity of Mr. Hamilton, fourth to the florid, exhilarating, vinous warmth of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and last place to wit, wealth, beauty, travel, possessions, charm, grace and sensibility, all showered in eightiesh profusion on Mr. Edward James, but owing, alas, for their expression, more to the photographer of his portrait on the cover; to Mr. Tchelitcheff, draughtsman of his *three* hands (one with bones, one giving, perhaps, the Nazi salute, one giving, indubitably, the clenched fist) in the frontispiece; and to the red, black and ornamental type setter of the Oxford University Press, than to the Muse of Mr. James himself.

All the writers collected in *Proems* seem to have the same conscientious attitude towards the writing of poetry, and the result is extremely interesting. None of them—except perhaps Mr. Heppenstall—strikes one as inevitably a poet; they are rather careful students of their experiences, which they have translated into poetry. A good many of the poems in this book are narrative poems, which in itself is interesting, and it strikes one that these narratives might as well have been short stories as poems. Mr. Durrell, the best of the narrative poets; here, note sat the opening of his satiric narrative *Unckebunck* that it "must be read like a novel to be really appreciated." Mr. Todd has written some poems which seem influenced by some of the earlier poems of Rilke, the ones which are parables. All these writers are very accurate

JANE AUSTEN

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in their observation. Mr. Heppenstall strikes one as having far greater possibilities as a poet than the others, because he has a tortured dissatisfied mind which really does see a solution of its problems in poetry. His effects are often ugly, perhaps inevitably so, but I believe that when he is able to surmount the difficulties which make a good deal of his work private and obscure at present, he will be one of the most interesting of contemporary poets. He has already written some remarkable poems, and perhaps if I understood the exact significance of the religious thought and imagery with which his poetry is at present filled, I would admire them still more. It seems to me (I may be wrong) that he suffers from an inability either to accept or break away from Roman Catholicism. I am not sure whether *Proems* will produce a new generation of poets, but I am fairly sure that amongst these six writers three or four will produce work of strength and distinction. I think that the seriousness of their attitude to poetry owes a good deal to the environment for writing and criticism provided by *New Verse*, and, if I am right, Mr. Grigson deserves to be congratulated on hatching out this conscientious little brood, none of them either ugly ducklings or golden geese, all of them anxiously minding their p's and q's.

In his introduction to *Hoelderlin's Madness*, Mr. Gascoyne writes :

> In Hoelderlin, we find the whole adventure of the romantics epitomised in its profoundest sense : he carries within himself the germ of the development and the resolution of its contradiction. He was one of the most thorough-going of romantics, because he went mad, and madness is the logical development of romanticism ; and he went beyond romanticism, because his poetry is stronger than despair, and reaches into the future and the light.

This seems to me sentimental bunkum, like the rest of Mr. Gascoyne's preface full of phrases like " nostalgia and the night," " mysterious dreams and madness." Actually, like Van Gogh's, there is nothing particularly mysterious about Hoelderlin's development ; he was brought up in a strictly Protestant family, and his mother expected him to be a parson ; at the university, being a friend of Schiller and Hegel, he became influenced to the depths of his being by the passion amongst cultured Germans, led by Winckelmann, for ancient Greece. The conflict between the literature and ideals of classical Greece and German Protestantism and the modern world became the obsessing force of his life, and is closely related to his schizophrenia. Hoelderlin's later poetry is fragmentary and is illuminated by amazing insight, the flashing of the tragedy of his own situation directed against the outside world : but nowhere is Hoelderlin " mysterious " in the sense so dear to the mystery-making mind of Mr. Gascoyne ; he can't be linked with a long list of names, including Rimbaud and Blake, to please the surrealists. The point is that his mysteries are always penetrable, not by surrealist super-sensibility, but by a knowledge of what he is writing about, in which Mr. Gascoyne seems to be completely lacking. Perhaps this seems rather harsh, but it is very unfortunate that so important a figure as Hoelderlin should have been introduced to England in such a misleading guise. As for the translations, or " personae " as Mr. Gascoyne calls them, they are delicate, sensitive surrealist objects, but they are entirely lacking in the mental structure and tension of the original. To take only three of them, *Schicksalslied* has been far better translated by Mr. J. B. Leishman in the notes to Rilke's *Later Poems*, a fragment of *Patmos* has been translated well and accurately by Mr. Edwin Muir, and I myself have done a translation of the *Half of Life* (appearing in *New Writing*, *No.* 1), which, considering the standard set, it is no exaggeration to say is considerably better than Mr. Gascoyne's rendering of the German by way of the French. Mr. Gascoyne has brought a charming talent to bear on a tremendous and terrifying subject, rather as if, say, the late Mr. Christopher Wood had done a series of illustrations of *War and Peace*.

Mr. Hamilton has invented a very genteel little stanza in which he writes his translucent and wise observations on life from the remote height of many years. His wisdom is of the resigned, kindly, mellow order, rather than that which accepts with great comprehension the world and all that is involved in the world. He shakes beautiful, sad, smiling, silver locks over life ; and the silver locks mirror the life of a beautiful woman, the folly of mankind, in their level monotone.

I am far too grateful to Mr. Hilaire Belloc to attempt to criticise him. His poems were amongst the first I enjoyed, and, reading them through now, I still get a great deal of enjoyment out of them. Hearty, self-dramatising, shallow, they still have a very rich contact with life, and they have all the enthusiasm of a very exuberant personality. The funny poems are extremely funny, the religious poems are extremely hollow, but the epigrams often cut a sharp and clear enough line, whilst the hearty satire of poems like " Remote and ineffectual don " does not lose at all with time ; and personally I have a soft spot for the sentimental poems, like *Ha'nacker Hill*.

It is interesting that none of the poets I have reviewed in this article is political in the Leftist sense to which the critics take exception. The effect of reading so much that is dated, muzzy, a mere reflection of individual confusions and individual achievement, is to make one long for a poetry which reflects a more incisive view of society ; several volumes of this kind, like listening to Sir Hugh Walpole's speech at the meeting of writers at the Queen's Hall, help to make one understand why it is that writers become " political." STEPHEN SPENDER

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE DIFFUSED

Introductions to English Literature. Edited by BONAMY DOBRÉE. VOL. II.—THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE, 1510–1688. By V. DE SOLA PINTO. VOL. IV.—THE VICTORIANS AND AFTER, 1830–1914. By BONAMY DOBRÉE and E. C. BATHO. *Cresset Press*. 6*s*. each.

Literary reference-books of the modern kind date from the desire of the 1840's to diffuse useful knowledge. Chambers's *Cyclopaedia* has survived through many editions from that time unrivalled in one virtue : it is an anthology as well as a dictionary, and therefore, except in the shorter articles, avoids perfunctory critical judgments unsupported by examples. Yet even the latest edition of Chambers remains mainly biographical and deals only in the second place with the schools, influences, movements and tendencies which were the fashion of the Cambridge *History* (1907–16).

In planning these new " Introductions "—there will be five volumes altogether—Prof. Dobrée has asked again the fundamental question : " What kind of knowledge is most useful to be diffused ? " and in giving over half of each volume to bibliography he has begun to answer it in the way everyone would now agree to be right. But what comes next ? The " Introductions " cut down biography to the limiting dates, try to avoid classification by schools, to eliminate influences, and to speak of movements in literature only as parts of movements in society as a whole. Prof. Dobrée would, I think, disagree with Bagehot's saying : " In a biography of Mr. Tennyson we should not expect to hear of the Reform Bill or the Corn Laws " ; but he would be uncertain how to bring them in. I have the feeling both in his general Preface and in three of his Victorian essays that he originally planned a bolder and more convincing statement of the connection between social and literary events but drew back in the fear that he might be depriving literature of its autonomy. His first essay, on the Victorian background, is admirable as far as it goes, and begins to fulfil the purpose in which his book seems meant to differ from others like it—to present " the climate of opinion " ; but his later failure is clearest in *General Prose Writers*, where the autonomy of literature could not be jeopardised by a close, factual reference to its social soil. It would have been much more useful to build the section on Carlyle round a statement of the main doctrines of the " dismal science " and Malthusianism, to have related *Past and Present* to the insurrection of 1842 and to have specified Dr. Francia among the dictators he admired : and with Macaulay to have said something about Clapham and Holland House and Bacon. Such historical treatment, immune from changes of taste, would have done a better work than looser and more doubtful judgments of merit and psychological assessments. In the essay on Poetry, again, he relies on a conscious modernity of taste which focuses less on the poets' context than on their bewilderment in it ; and even with the novelists there is a nervousness about taking a more closely historical attitude which is only partly atoned for by giving economic history a special chapter by another hand.

To say that in view of the Preface these essays give too few facts and too many judgments is to raise the second fundamental question which Prof. Dobrée has obviously asked himself : " How is the diffusion of useful knowledge to be combined with the attempt to guide taste and pleasure ? " I believe the best answer to be in the Chambers method of extracts : Miss Batho answers wrong, by appending to her bibliographies undefended critical wisecracks fit for exam. papers. Short laudatory tips for reading would be justifiable, but these speciously judicious verdicts are a curse to everybody. And her lists are rather erratic, besides :

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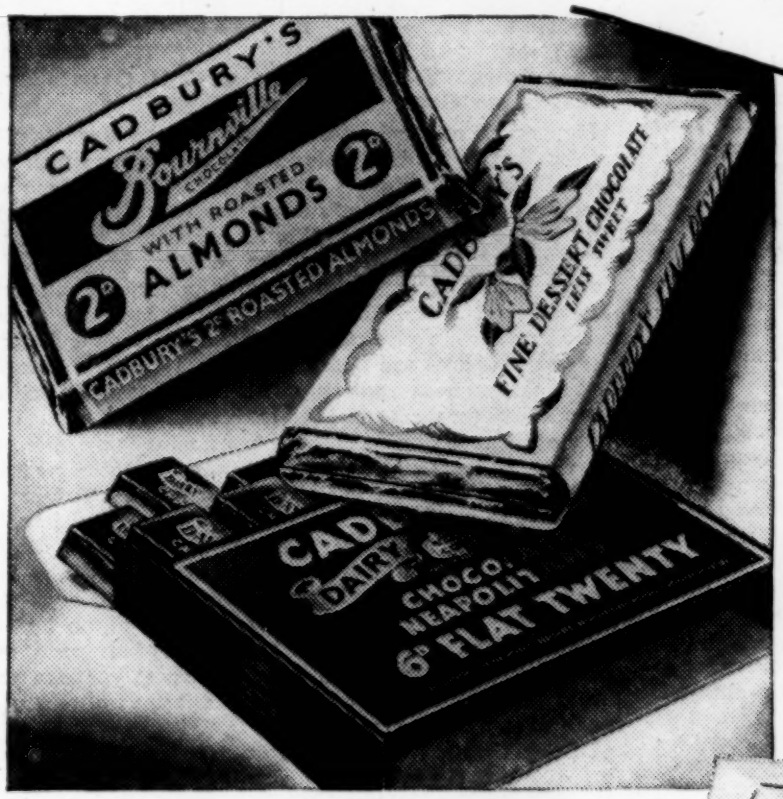

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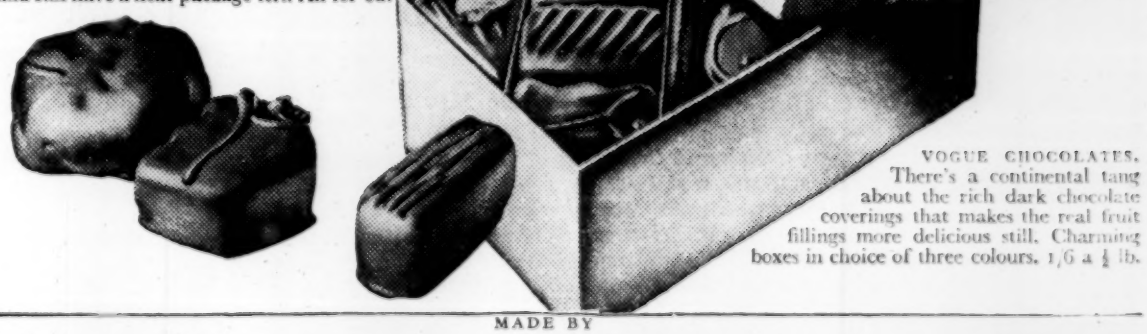

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if Jean Ingelow, why not Dora Greenwell? If G. P. R. James, why not Mrs. Gore? If Bishop Gore, why not Archbishop Trench, where the only Trench is Herbert? A line of the comment on Helps could well have been spared for *The Claims of Labour*.

Prof. Pinto's job was perhaps easier, but he has done it extremely well. His bibliographies are admirably full, and guide without assessing: in his essays he has managed (in spite of the restriction on extracts) to convey the quality of authors without the manner of an ephemeral arbiter, and to relate them to general history in a way that will do more than any book I know to ease the bewilderment so many students feel when faced with the Elizabethans and the seventeenth century. In the essays Milton is too dwarfish (though the Milton bibliography is excellent) and Bunyan almost invisible: but I recommend specially the treatment of the Bible, the "Metaphysicals" (conceits are done with) and the Restoration Court—the word "licentious" is banished for ever and leaves a clearer scene and a civilisation behind it. HUMPHRY HOUSE

ROYAL COMMISSIONS

Royal Commissions of Inquiry. By H. M. CLOKIE and J. W. ROBINSON. *Oxford University Press.* 14*s.*

The authors of this book had a good idea; they wanted to discuss the significance of investigations in British politics. Their volume contains a good deal of useful information not easily accessible elsewhere. Unfortunately, the form they have imposed upon their book has deprived it of a great deal of the value it might have possessed. By separating the enquiry typified by the Royal Commission from other forms like the Select and Departmental Committees, which are, in fact, species of the same genus, they have arrived at results which are, often, patently untrue; and their knowledge of the inner workings of British politics in the last hundred, and even in the post-war, years is inadequate for the results they have sought to reach.

The problems to which we need answers in an enquiry of this kind have hardly entered into the writers' consciousness. They are (i) what is the range of questions suitable for investigation by the committee-system; (ii) what personnel, and what numbers, seem likely to give the best results; (iii) what period elapses between a report and action upon a report, and what is the reason for the difference in time-lag; (iv) what motives lead to the appointment of such bodies, and how far can the motives be gleaned (*a*) from terms of reference and (*b*) from the personnel appointed to investigate; (v) what are the reasons which lead to the different forms of enquiry; (vi) how much difference to action results from the fact that committees of this character frequently result in more than one report?

It is a pity that, in any comprehensive way, the authors did not ask themselves these questions before they began their survey. As it is, they give us a brief, but inadequate, history; a brief, but inadequate, account of what they call "the golden age" of royal commissions; a useful summary of procedure; and a conclusion which affirms, I think quite wrongly, that this method of investigation is likely to decline in the coming years.

The weakness of all this is, partly the absence of a functional, and partly the absence of an historical approach. If Professors Clokie and Robinson had looked at their problem as a whole, they would have seen at once that certain obvious conclusions emerge. It is clear that the multiplicity of commissions in the early nineteenth century was due to the need to cleanse the Augean stables left by the eighteenth century. It is clear, further, that any decisive shift in the axis of political parties involves an epoch of wide investigation. It is clear, further, that one of the great changes is from the committee (like that on the Poor Laws) which does its own investigations, and that on Local Government, which receives a body of evidence from different interests and wrestles its way to its own conclusions upon them. It is, I suspect, true also, that an age like the Victorian age, which was, broadly, at unity with itself, could appoint a committee unrepresentative of particular interests, while one like our own, which is searching for the formulae of unity, must appoint committees of enquiry which, like the Sankey Commission, assure those likely to be directly affected by the result that their views will be fully weighed in forming conclusions. It is also, on the history, obvious that committees are successful in producing results where, as with the problem of municipal government or the Poor Laws, they have to work in a climate of opinion that is already prepared for great changes in the subject-matter of their investigation.

Professors Clokie and Robinson conclude that the decline of the Royal Commission is mainly accounted for by the growth of the modern administrative process. The number and type of questions suitable to this form seem to them to have diminished as a consequence of the need for a more "expert" form of enquiry. I doubt whether this is the case. The considerations which lead to the appointment of, say, a departmental committee rather than a Royal Commission are much more accidental than substantial; and some of the modern examples, those on India, Palestine, the West Indies (all Royal Commissions) compared with those on Ministers' powers, the appointment and training of local government officials, and on legal education (all Departmental Committees) suggest that considerable ingenuity would be required to find out why the basis is different. But the whole problem that the authors have tackled is, in fact, far more complex than they have realised; to solve it would require a more comprehensive investigation than they have even thought of attempting. HAROLD J. LASKI

EXPERT GARDENING

A Gardener's Progress. By FRED STOKER, M.B., F.R.C.S. *Putnam.* 15*s.*

Hardy Bulbs. Vol. II. By LT.-COL. C. H. GREY. Illustrated by CECILY GREY. *Williams and Norgate.* 30*s.*

For a couple of decades doctors have been at a discount. Their opinions were worthless, their training scrappy and their minds closed. Such has been the common notion save of those whose fears drove them to faith. At last it seems the tide is turning and more people are recognising the fact that the average doctor is better equipped than his compeer in other professions. Dr. Stoker's book is an example of the curiosity, patience and accurate observation which should be among the first attributes of both a medical man and a gardener. Admittedly he has the discursiveness of the Church and is as easily thrown off the trail as Dean Hole of old, but readers will put up with his, sometimes maddening, interpolations for the interest and information in his text. He has travelled the road all gardeners must go from the time, many years ago, when he spent nine shillings and twopence (including packing and postage!) on plants and stuck them into the Ackling clay. The majority of his readers will only wish they could see their way clearly to the goal Dr. Stokes has attained—a delightful place in Essex where he cultivates, with great knowledge and at leisure, innumerable plants from all countries and of all kinds. The volume has many illustrations of plants drawn by H. A. Thomerson, and interest is added by the plan of his garden on the end-papers. This is a book for those whose curiosity pushes them on to grow all sorts of plants and not just rest content with the usual suburban selection.

Here is the second volume of Col. Grey's *magnum opus*, the first of which (Iridaceae) was reviewed in our columns in the autumn. It covers Amaryllidaceae, Commelinaceae, Haemodoraceae, Orchidaceae and Scitamineae. The work is at once a scientific treatise and a practical book, for the author gives advice and cultural instructions. Mrs. Grey's illustrations, ten out of nearly fifty being full page colour plates, set a very high standard whether considered as botanical drawings or decorations.

Admittedly a book for the specialist, but intelligible to the amateur because it is clearly written and there is a glossary.

R. G. E. WILLISON

DEMOLITION OF "AN ADVENTURE"

The Mystery of Versailles. By J. R. STURGE WHITING. *Rider.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It may be assumed that readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION are familiar with *An Adventure*, which is the record of an experience which happened to two ladies in the gardens of the Petit Trianon, in Versailles, in 1901. The two ladies apparently passed straight from the twentieth century into the eighteenth, saw Marie Antoinette, talked to grooms and gardeners, walked over bridges and ravines which are no longer there, and observed persons emerging from doors in walls which have long been bricked up. Suspecting that they had undergone a very curious experience, the ladies subsequently embarked upon a long period of research with a view to establishing the validity of their suspicion that they had by some means or other actually "gone back to" the past. The ladies were of unimpeachable

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honesty—they were, in fact, the two successive heads of an Oxford college—and had trained minds; they were, that is to say, fully competent to undertake the work of historical research. The results of the research were surprising. They confirmed in every single detail the view that the ladies had in fact enjoyed what is now commonly called a "retrocognitive experience."

An Adventure was first published in 1911, and since then has passed through many editions. Its popularity is due to two things: the charm of the narrative, and the mass of corroborative evidence with which the details of the experience are apparently substantiated. Mr. Sturge Whiting was, for a long time, convinced by the story. It contains, he admits, "the ring of truth." Yet, intrigued by the very magnitude of its implications, he set out to examine in detail the evidence upon which the view that retrocognition had occurred was based. The present book describes his investigations and indicates his conclusion, which is that no supernormal experience of any kind occurred, the ladies being self-deceived into supposing that it had occurred by their own interest in and desire for the supernormal. "At the time of the story's first publication nothing less than a supernatural explanation of the adventure would," he holds, "have caused her [Miss Moberly] the slightest interest." Mr. Sturge Whiting's view is, then, that the two ladies came to have a strong emotional vested interest in a supernormal explanation of their experience and, accordingly, placed a supernormal construction upon evidence which was capable of a perfectly normal interpretation.

It is impossible in a review even to summarise the reasons which Mr. Sturge Whiting adduces in favour of this conclusion. They turn entirely on the investigation of points of detail, and their claim to our acceptance depends upon their cumulative force. The following are examples:

The ladies, in their subsequent researches, discovered a contemporary map of the period, Mique's map, which apparently reproduced the features of the garden as it was in the eighteenth century, and as it now is not. These features were such as they believed themselves to have seen. Mr. Sturge Whiting examines the map through a microscope and comes to the conclusion that it is much too vague in detail to permit any deduction as to the precise topography of the garden in regard to the features under dispute. Again, the two ladies saw a woman and a young girl, standing in a doorway, in old-fashioned dress. Their subsequent research led them to believe that the girl was a certain Marion, who was living in one of the gardener's cottages at the time, and was 14 years old in 1789. Mr. Sturge Whiting suggests that the woman and the girl were persons living in a perfectly normal way in 1901, who happened to be outside the door of their cottage on that August afternoon. He then pertinently asks, why did the ladies take no steps to discover whether this perfectly normal explanation was the true one by subsequent enquiry at the cottage? Why did they betake themselves at once to remote and arduous historical research?

To take a third point, the ladies saw a woman whom they believed to be Marie Antoinette, wearing a "light-coloured—slightly yellowish—dress." The ladies subsequently discovered the journal of the Queen's lady's maid, Madame Eloffe, and deduced from it that on the day in question it was probable that Marie Antoinette was wearing a dress of precisely that colour and material. Mr. Sturge Whiting comments: "The journal of Madame Eloffe was not read until seven years after the alleged apparition, yet the exact shade of her skirt was recalled, though at the time of the first glimpse of the *ensemble* it was thought to be the dress of an ordinary tourist. Such a feat of memory, where the necessity for exactitude cannot have been premeditated, simply passes understanding."

The examples I have given will enable the reader to form his own opinion of Mr. Sturge Whiting's methods. For my part, I do not find them entirely convincing, but I do not see how anybody who has not himself taken as much trouble as Mr. Sturge Whiting has done can feel himself entitled to pass judgment. There is, however, another consideration to be taken into account. Whenever we are asked to accept an apparently supernormal happening, we are entitled to consider not only the trustworthiness of the evidence, but also what may be called the antecedent probability of the happening. Now antecedent probability depends very largely (I am quoting Professor Broad) "on analogy or coherence of the suggested proposition with what is already known or reasonably believed about the subject-matter with which it is concerned." Now the antecedent probability of retrocognition, that is to say, direct experience of the past, is so small that, however impressive the evidence, we have quite rightly the greatest disposition to strain every intellectual nerve to secure its rejection. If, then, I agree with Mr. Sturge Whiting's view of *An Adventure*, it is not so much because his demolition of the Moberly-Jourdain evidence seems to me to be wholly convincing, as because it is in accordance with my own preconception as to the antecedent improbability of the theory which he is concerned to disprove.

C. E. M. JOAD

A History of Architecture on the Comparative Method. By SIR BANISTER FLETCHER. *Batsford.* 42*s.*

This is a revised edition of a very successful book first published in 1896. The photographic reproduction has been much improved, but the book is lamentably deficient as an up-to-date account of architecture. Illustrations are included of some distressing recent buildings such as the Masonic Peace Memorial in Great Queen Street and the Port of London Authority building, but there is not even a mention of the names of Corbusier, Gropius or Mendelsohn. Nor does Sir Banister show any cognisance of our vastly increased knowledge and admiration of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century architecture. Borromini, one of the most influential of all designers, is discussed in four casual lines, while Fischer von Erlach and the Asams have simply been omitted. There is no information about the curious Manueline architecture of Portugal. The book remains a useful guide to those styles in which the Victorians were interested.

Obscurantism. By LORD HORDER. *Watts.* 2*s.*

Our two medical peers have rendered, and are rendering, great service to the community and to the reputation of their profession; nor have they ceased from strife now that they have risen above the battlefield. *Obscurantism* is a reprint of the Conway Memorial Lecture delivered by Lord Horder last April; and it would be difficult to find embodied in a similar number of pages more unaffected wisdom and human sanity.

The author is out to show us how apt we are to use our intelligence merely to cover our instinctive acts and urges with decent concealing garments—in other words, to do what the psychologists call "rationalise." "We have developed a passion for formulae which mitigate facts and obscure issues." Consider, says Lord Horder, some of our common apologies in private life: "My poor nerves" means so often "My bad temper." "The artistic temperament" means a refusal to keep accounts. "Just a great child at heart" is a convenient formula for the neglect of self-discipline; and "I know my duty" for remaining

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where I am comfortable, come what may." And he adds that in public life, "We shall find a formula" has become a slogan. In less personal matters, we talk about the shambles of a civil war as "Conflicting ideologies"; and we call our de-industrialised areas our "Special Areas"—as though all were O.K. everywhere else. In the department of Health and Medicine, the author is naturally very much at home. He illustrates obscurantism here by many apt examples. The obvious fact that it is the urbanisation of the masses of the people and the conditions of modern industry that have lowered the general hygiene is obscured by treating health as an "artificial and not a natural thing." Here and there are good and amusing stories: "A wise old physician, in my young days, having listened attentively to the patient's account of his troubles was wont to ask: 'Now tell me what treatments you have suffered.'"

And this is Lord Horder's conclusion. "There is only one thing we need hurry about, and that is being kind. And if the opportunities for this come with such rapid sequence that life yields no others, we shall perhaps make the best contribution of any." On the other hand, he expresses hearty agreement with a saying of Lord Snell's that if he had his time over again he would save a great deal of it by putting up a resistance against fussy intruders. "Jealousy in one's use of time is an urgent need"; and here is one last quotation: "'Too much Science,' some folk say. 'Too little *applied* Science,' say I. Our trouble is that we have not linked up our Science with the urge to find true values. It is not that we have too much Science; it is that we have too little Humanity."

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

BEETHOVEN'S *Seventh* is often, and with some justification, regarded as the greatest of all symphonies, and a new gramophone version demands careful consideration. The performance by Carl Schuricht and the Berlin Philharmonic just recorded on five Deccas has many merits; and immediately after hearing the dreadful playing which accompanies Massine's ballet at Drury Lane almost any performance sounds wonderful. The instrumental tone, so far as it goes, is true and clear, and Schuricht is a conductor of judgment; but conductor and recorders have between them kept the level of volume so low that most people, unless they have very powerful gramophones and very small rooms, will find this rather a mild *Seventh*. The Scherzo does not romp, nor does the Finale exult. The Toscanini set (H.M.V.) was spoiled by a coarse American recording; but playing it again on a big electric gramophone just after the Decca records I was forced to conclude that it is, in spite of all that can be said against it, the only set to buy—provided you have a gramophone which can take it without distortion. The music reveals Toscanini's powers at their most incandescent: his stores of energy and rhythmic vitality seem no less inexhaustible than those of Beethoven himself, and the result is one of the most stupendously exciting interpretations ever recorded. A third version conducted by Weingartner on Columbia is marred, like so many of his Vienna Philharmonic recordings, by excessive reverberation, which spoils Beethoven's tremendous silences and causes the wood wind colours to run into one another, so to speak. Nevertheless small gramophones will take to it more easily than to the American recording.

Telefunken produce on three records an admirable version of the delightful early Schubert *Symphony No. 5 in B flat* (Hans von Benda and Berlin Philharmonic). Much of it might be mistaken for Mozart, and good Mozart too; it is the work of a boy of eighteen to whom the whole musical firmament was simply Vienna, and the Viennese classical idiom his native tongue. Critics who laugh at the public for applauding second-rate Mozart and Haydn do not realise that the idiom itself (apart from the use a genius may make of it) is delightful, and probably the most satisfactory ever forged for general use; like eighteenth-century prose, it lent itself to platitude but not to turgidity. In any case this symphony is far from platitudinous; the first movement and the minuet, though the voice is not precisely the voice of Schubert, are as fresh and sweet as daisies. Telefunken also send three records containing the *Mathis der Maler* Symphony of Hindemith (Berlin Philharmonic, conducted by the composer); not a recent issue, but one rendered topical by the first performance of the complete opera at Zürich last June. These three pieces strike me as much the best Hindemith I have yet heard; they have pithy, memorable themes and an emotional appeal which is for once not dissipated by the facile spinning of Hindemithian counterpoint. The first, *Engelkonzert*, makes beautiful use of a soft, fully chorded, chorale-like theme on the brass around which a haze of string and wind polyphony continually hovers. I recommend these records to those who like to experiment with good modern music; it is not difficult, it is not purely cerebral, and it grows on you with each hearing.

An exceedingly brilliant record of Dukas's *L'Apprenti Sorcier* comes from the Philadelphia Orchestra on two H.M.V.s, the last side unfortunately filled with the *Berceuse* from Sibelius's *Tempest* music which Beecham has just done in the latest Sibelius album. No one will accuse me of a partiality for American recording, but this time they have brought it off: that kettle-drum wallop on the first side is startlingly realistic. Stokowski too is in his element, and his bassoon plays up like a ripe comedian in the enunciation of the theme. In spite of the more delicate colouring of the final pages in Gaubert's Col. version I prefer the Stokowski: his flood, as befits a countryman of the Mississippi, is a very much wetter affair than the French. By the way, I hope he will direct the attention of his friend Disney to this score; what a Silly Symphony it would make! Two delectable single H.M.V.s complete the month's orchestral issues: one contains a Handel *Oboe Concerto in B flat*, perfectly done by Leon Goossens to the orchestral accompaniment of his brother; the other the *Fledermaus* Overture by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter. It is good to find Walter at work in another, and saner, atmosphere; he is, in my experience, absolutely without a rival as a conductor of Johann Strauss. He coaxes and caresses those adorable melodies without stifling them, and he has already taught his Frenchmen the last refinements of Viennese dance rhythm; only they have not quite the warmth of the Viennese string tone. How I long for a complete set of *Die Fledermaus* with a first-rate cast (it would only take some half-dozen records); a unique opportunity was lost during those incomparable Lehmann-Schumann-Olczewska-Walter performances at Covent Garden in 1930.

There is one outstandingly fine chamber music record, Mozart's *String Quintet in D* (K.593), played on three H.M.V.s by the Pro Arte Quartet and Alfred Hobday; this is the third of Mozart's Quintets which this combination has recorded. It is beginning to be realised that Mozart explored greater depths of feeling in his Quintets than in most of his Quartets; this late work (1790) is a fine example of his maturest style, concise, contrapuntal, yet

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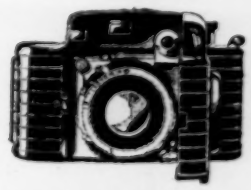

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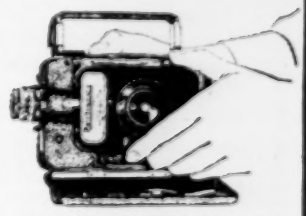

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harmonically richer than ever. The additional viola allows him to obtain the most ravishing effects of balance and colour; note, for example, the passage in the *adagio* immediately preceding the reprise, where the two violas throb their dropping series of thirds and seconds, while the cello has a leaping *pizzicato* phrase, the second violin takes the broken, halting phrases of the theme, and the leader soars upward in a serene descant; the effect, simply as pure sound, is magical. The playing and recording are worthy of this sublime music. There is no more satisfying Schumann player alive than Cortot at his best, and he makes a wonderful thing out of the eighteen little pieces called the *Davidsbündlertänze*. This must be counted as a first recording (three H.M.V.s), since the Fanny Davies set was not issued over here; if you care for the Schumann piano lyrics at all, you will find this among the best examples of his whimsical, day-dreaming, improvisatory style; and Cortot pierces to the very heart of both Florestan and Eusebius. Kitain (three Cols.) is adequate, but hardly more, in the Op. 39 *Waltzes* of Brahms; he lacks the precise finger-work and rhythmic variety needed by this music. On the other hand, the two Schnabels are quite captivating in four of Schubert's *Military Marches* (two H.M.V.s); those plump, widespread chords and glittering octaves suggest some celestially rhythmical barrel organ; and what lovely tunes there are in the *trios!* Milstein (Col.) lavishes exquisite tone and tender art on a little Pergolesi *Sonata* and a Nardini *Larghetto*, a piece of very appealing sentiment; while Dorfmann (Col.) scuttles efficiently through the rather tiresome Mendelssohn *Rondo Capriccioso*.

There are two admirable *lieder* records. Karl Schmitt-Walter, a baritone of great artistry, sings for Telefunken two of the very best of Hugo Wolf's songs, *Der Gärtner* and *Auf einer Wanderung;* the former is new to records, the latter only available in the out-of-print Gerhardt album of Wolf. Elisabeth Schumann, always at her best before the microphone, excels herself in two Brahms songs (*Das Mädchen spricht* and *Ständchen*) and two Schumann songs which have never been recorded before: of these the first, *O ihr Herren*, is only a few bars long, the second, *Röselein! Röselein!* with its rippling piano accompaniment, is a sheer delight (H.M.V.). Aulikki Rautawaara sings in Swedish two not very notable and rather lush Sibelius songs (Telefunken). Ebe Stignani follows up her earlier *Samson* record with a fine performance of "Mon coeur s'ouvre," in Italian (Parlo.). The latest Parlophone Historical issue is perhaps the most interesting of all: a complete recording (modern single-side versions are always cut) of the big aria "Ritorna vincitor" from *Aïda*, made by Giannina Russ in 1905. I had never heard a Russ record before, and always suspected that she was one of those singers whose merits are exaggerated by collectors because of the rarity of her records. But this performance, amazingly well recorded, reveals a voice and style of the first order; if she has not the fascinating chest register of Boninsegna (with whom she alternated the role at La Scala), her singing is no less memorable and individual in its own way, and her record can challenge comparison with any of the several Emmy Destinn versions of this scene which I possess. What days they must have been when even *secunde donne* sang like this!

Finally I must mention a couple of Brunswick excerpts from the American "Labour Revue," which are unusually interesting and amusing; the best of the tunes is called *Sing me a Song of Social Significance* (*All Other Tunes are Taboo*). Wonderful people, true successors to the audiences of Aristophanes, who can laugh at themselves in the middle of their most high-minded enterprises.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Week-end Competitions

No. 440

Set by Allan Laing

In recognition of August, the holiday month, competitors are asked to submit, for the usual prizes, a Cautionary Tale in the Belloc manner about one of the following sinners:

(*a*) ARABELLA (who Picnicked in the Heather and Set a Hill on Fire);

(*b*) PERCIVAL (who was Only a Bank Clerk, but Pretended to be a Peer.);

(*c*) ALICE and JANE (who were Over Fourteen, but Deceitfully Travelled Half-Fare).

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, August 19th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 438

Set by Roger Marvell

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best description of Bank Holiday at Brighton supposedly written by the Goncourts, Pater, Wilde, Proust, Firbank, E. M. Forster or William These Names Make News Hickey. Entries not to exceed 250 words.

Report by Roger Marvell

This competition was designed to contrast the boisterousness of the subject with the preciosity of the style. I fancy that the Goncourts would make the best picture of Brighton Bank-Holiday, but only one competitor, Towanbucket, attempted them, and he evaded the issue. "August 1st, 1938.—1. Two mackintoshes. 2. Two umbrellas. 3. Two pairs of galoshes. 4. A dozen handkerchiefs apiece. 5. A box of eucalyptus tablets. 6. A novel by Mr. Osbert Sitwell. 7. Two tickets for the Pier. 8. A quantity of copper coins. 9. Some sandwiches. These are some of the things with which we set out to appraise Brighton. They have all been useful except Mr. Sitwell's novel, which we could not read. Roger Marvell is unwilling to admit that he finds our restraint admirable. 'It is magnificent,' he sneers, 'but it is not Brighton.'" Proust and Wilde were chosen by almost all the entrants. R. S. Jaffray sent a good description of Brighton, but one that had not the faintest resemblance to Proust. H. A. E. C., K. M. Hamilton, E. Davis and H. R., all caught the manner well. (I specially enjoyed a comparison between Brighton Road and Albertini's mouth produced by H. R.). The Wildes were less good on the whole. L. M. J. achieved appropriate phrases: "There's no such thing as a moral holiday or an unmoral holiday. Holidays are to be enjoyed." Alice Herbert nearly won the second prize, but it must go to John Dunbar for an amusing though rather broad burlesque. First prize goes unquestionably to Alfred K. George for what seems to me a dazzling display of virtuosity.

FIRST PRIZE

. . . mais à peine sortis de la gare nous fûmes bousculés, entourés et en quelque sorte aspirés par une foule répugnante, et dûmes nous réfugier dans un hôtel où, la mauvaise humeur d'Albertine débordant enfin, j'appris avec stupeur quel sacrifice ce voyage était pour elle—elle qui depuis trois mois ne me parlait plus d'autre chose que d'aller passer le Bank Holiday à Brighton, pour voir la mer—et qu'elle n'y avait consenti que pour me faire plaisir, ce à quoi je dus renoncer à répondre, car à cet instant je vis passer devant l'hôtel le Baron lui-même, vêtu de sa redingote grise et de son chapeau haut-de-forme, avançant avec une telle rapidité parmi la foule—qui, visiblement impressionnée par sa démarche fière et altière, s'écartait respectueusement devant lui—que je ne pus le rejoindre qu'au moment où il s'arrêtait pour parler à un jeune vendeur de glaces, (d'ailleurs d'une beauté peu commune) habillé tout de blanc et juché sur un tri-porteur comme le jeune Bacchus sur un tonneau; mais lorsque j'allais enfin pouvoir l'aborder je m'aperçus que ce n'était point le Baron, mais un triste individu portant sur son gilet blanc, en grosses lettres noires, une vulgaire inscription publicitaire —"Mine's a gin and Johnson's"—ce qui me fut une déconvenue à tel point bouleversante que je dus rebrousser chemin à travers la cohue grouillante pour rejoindre Albertine à l'hôtel, d'où, le soir venu, nous pûmes enfin, de notre chambre au quatrième étage, contempler la mer; non pas, certes, la même mer que. . . .

ALFRED K. GEORGE.

SECOND PRIZE

"Good Heavens, my dear fellow," said Lord Henry, languidly dropping a vellum-paged copy of Propertius, annotated with Latin limericks by Alexander Borgia, "wherever have you been? You look so self-satisfied that you must have discovered a fresh cause for dissatisfaction."

Dorian Gray flicked his cigarette into the bronze lap of a kneeling nymph wrought by Cellini. "I have escaped from civilisation: I have been to Brighton."

"Civilisation," murmured Lord Henry, "the eternal conflict between Life Force and Police Force. But why to Brighton? Isn't that the place where people try to express themselves by being someone else, and escape from their rut by falling into another?"

"What a hideously cynical creature you are! Laugh if you will,

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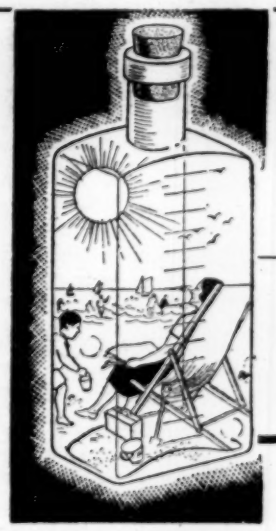

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but I have found the greatest romance of my life. Harry, she is really virtuous!"

"Then let her stay so, Dorian. A virtuous woman is like an ice-cream: delightful for her coldness, but, when she melts, disgusting."

"Harry, can you never be sincere?"

"No, I lack the courage of my vices. . . ."

When Lord Henry had gone, Dorian crept upstairs to the locked attic, and stood before the familiar draped portrait. Had the sea-air done him good? He whipped away the purple coverlet, and fell to the ground as if struck by lightning. There was a dear old face, bloated and pocked with worms, like the death-mask of Gallienius. But the shoulders had broadened and the waist narrowed; the suit was a bright purple, and the shoes livid white, streaked with glistening patent-leather. One blackened, blood-shot eye winked at him. . . .

JOHN DUNBAR

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 293.—THE SOCCER CHAMPIONSHIP

Anderson, Barnes, Chaplin, Dickens, Egerton and Fowler are all very keen on soccer. They decided to hold an individual championship. They therefore played a series of matches, in the course of which they divided themselves into two teams of three players each in every possible way.

A player scored two points for a match in which his team won, one point for a match in which it drew; the championship was to go to the player with most points. Where points were equal, the player whose teams had scored more goals was to be placed higher.

Dickens won the championship after an exciting series of games. Yet his teams scored fewer goals than their opponents. Only twenty-three goals were scored in all. Fowler was bottom of the table; though he had a balance of goals in his favour.

Only two matches had the same result.

Second place was taken by Anderson, whose teams scored the greatest number of goals. The other three competitors were bracketed in the final table. Barnes's teams, however, scored goals in more matches than did Egerton's, but in fewer matches than Chaplin's.

Give full particulars of each match played, other than those which were drawn.

PROBLEM 291.—CALIBAN SQUARED

Solution by Arithmedicus

Let the numbers in the groups be a, b, c, d, where $a < b < c < d$.

Then
$$\left.\begin{aligned} a+b &= p^2 \\ a+c &= q^2 \\ a+d &= r^2 \\ a+b+c+d+1 &= s^2 \end{aligned}\right\} \quad \text{and} \quad \left\{\begin{aligned} p &= m^2 \\ p+q &= (m+1)^2 \\ p+q+r &= (m+2)^2 \\ p+q+r+s &= (m+3)^2 \end{aligned}\right.$$

$$\therefore \quad 3a+b+c+d = p^2+q^2+r^2$$

$$\therefore \quad 2a-1 = p^2+q^2+r^2-s^2$$

Now
$$p = m^2$$
$$\pm q = (m+1)^2 - m^2 = 2m+1$$
$$\pm r = (m+2)^2 - (m+1)^2 = 2m+3$$
$$\pm s = (m+3)^2 - (m+2)^2 = 2m+5$$

$$\therefore \quad a+b = m^4$$
$$a+c = 4m^2+4m+1$$
$$a+d = 4m^2+12m+9$$
$$a+b+c+d+1 = 4m^2+20m+25$$

and
$$2a-1 = m^4+8m^2+16m+10-4m^2-20m-25$$
$$\therefore \quad 2a = m^4+4m^2-4m-14$$
$$\therefore \quad 2b = m^4-4m^2+4m+14$$
$$2c = -m^4+4m^2+12m+16$$
$$2d = -m^4+4m^2+28m+32$$

From the expression for $2a$, m is not 0, and is a positive or negative even number. By examining the inequalities $2a < 2b$ and $2c < 2d$, m can be found to lie between -1 and $+3$ $\therefore$ m is 2.

From this $\dfrac{d}{a+b+c+d} = \dfrac{44}{80}$ which is 55%.

PROBLEM 290

Caliban is away; award is held over pending his return.

CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

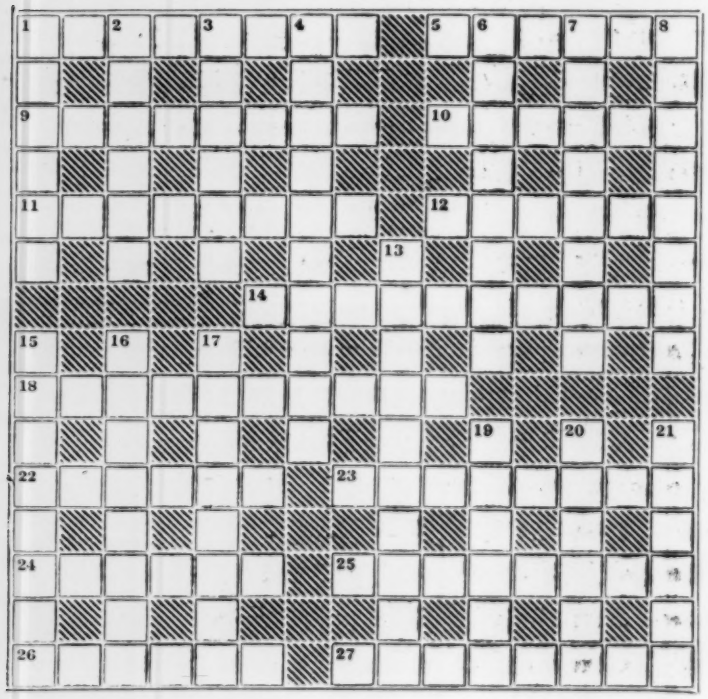
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 440

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
R. L. Saw, 72 Grosvenor Avenue, Carshalton, Surrey

ACROSS.

1. Grubby things for horses to be faced with. (8)
5. The young varmint. (6)
9. Deep dupes? (8)
10. To do this one must be a practical advocate of Protection. (6)
11. My Irish rose perhaps. (8)
12. An urban custom so to speak. (6)
14. Double this number of days. (10)
18. Things so arranged would not at any rate be back to front. (10)
22. I went back in the rain to stay. (6)
23. Manu-factured of course. (8)
24. Not indeed penniless. (6)
25. Yes to the pig man. (8)
26. Brings relief to fast people. (6)
27. Cartographical survey. (8)

DOWN.

1. A needy saint. (6)
2. Catfish calling? (6)
3. Man-kind could not be so described of course. (6)
4. Where greens are not vegetables. (10)
6. The reverse no doubt of undergo. (8)
7. The hips come first in this. (8)
8. Complete antithesis of "Good Day." (8)
13. Work that must be done on time. (10)
15. College built on a cinder heap? (8)
16. You wouldn't strike a match among such little things. (8)
17. Bathes in liqueur. (8)
19. Singular start to 16. (6)
20. An old piece of 27. (6)
21. Pet entangled in the rye. (6)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

H	O	R	T	I	C	U	L	T	U	R	I	S	T	S
O	■	I	■	N	■	N	■	R	■	O	■	E	■	I
M	O	G	A	D	O	R	■	U	N	Y	O	K	E	D
E	■	H	■	U	■	I	■	N	■	A	■	A	■	E
S	I	T	E	S	■	P	I	K	E	L	E	T	S	■
T	■	A	■	■	■	■	C	■	S	■	■	■	U	■
E	L	W	O	D	■	S	E	A	S	C	A	P	E	S
A	■	A	■	E	■	H	■	L	■	O	■	R	■	E
D	A	Y	S	C	H	O	O	L	■	T	H	I	E	F
S	■	■	■	K	■	R	■	■	■	■	N	■	U	■
■	E	D	U	C	A	T	E	D	■	V	I	T	A	L
S	■	R	■	H	■	N	■	R	■	O	■	A	■	N
P	R	O	B	A	T	E	■	A	U	D	I	B	L	E
E	■	S	■	I	■	S	■	K	■	K	■	L	■	S
D	I	S	T	R	E	S	S	E	D	A	R	E	A	S

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated

ALDWYCH. **Lot's Wife.** Mon., Thurs.

AMBASSADORS. **Spring Meeting** Wed., Fri.

APOLLO. **Idiot's Delight.** Tues. & Thurs.

COLISEUM. **Circus Season.** Daily, 2.30

DUCHESS. **Glorious Morning.** Wed., Thurs.

DRURY LANE. This Sat., 2.45.
Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo

GLOBE. **"Robert's Wife."** Wed. and Sat.

ST. JAMES'. **Golden Boy.** Wed., & Thurs.

ST. MARTIN'S. **Last Train South.** Tu., Fri.

STRAND. **Banana Ridge.** Wed. & Thurs.

OPERA AND BALLET

DRURY LANE. Tem. 7171. LAST TWO DAYS.
Evenings at 8.45. Matinee, Sat., 2.45.
BALLET RUSSE de MONTE CARLO
Leonide Massine - - Artistic Director, with
THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. (Tem. 6404.) Evgs., 8.30. Mon., Th., 2.30
LOT'S WIFE by Peter Blackmore.
NORA SWINBURNE. J. H. ROBERTS.
"Laughter in every line."—*Daily Herald.*

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wednesdays & Fridays, 2.30.
"SPRING MEETING"
A Light Comedy by M. J. Farrell and John Perry.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) 8.30. Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
IDIOT'S DELIGHT
by Robert E. Sherwood
RAYMOND MASSEY TAMARA GEVA

COLISEUM. Tem. 3161. 2.30 and 8.15 DAILY.
INTERNATIONAL
CIRCUS SEASON
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COMEDY. (Whi. 2578.) Evgs., 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
KENETH KENT and MARY GLYNNE
in
GIVE ME YESTERDAY
LOUISE HAMPTON, ERIC PORTMAN, GODFREY KENTON.

DUCHESS, Catherine St., W.C.2. Tem. 8243.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
GLORIOUS MORNING
by NORMAN MACOWAN.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. 5122. 8.30. Th., S., 2.30.
EDMUND WILLARD,
A. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, ESMOND KNIGHT in
THE INSECT PLAY (Last Week).
A People's National Theatre production.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

PLAYHOUSE. Whi. 7774.
8.30 (except Mons.). Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
POISON PEN (Last Week)
By Richard Llewellyn.
MARGARET YARDE. WALTER FITZGERALD.

ST. JAMES'. Whi. 3903.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Thurs., 2.30
GOLDEN BOY by Clifford Odets.
GROUP THEATRE COMPANY FROM NEW YORK.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Tem. 1443.) 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
FLORA ROBSON in
LAST TRAIN SOUTH
A BASIL DEAN PRODUCTION.

STRAND. Tem. 2660. Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30
ROBERTSON HARE & ALFRED DRAYTON in
BANANA RIDGE
by Ben Travers.

UNITY. (Eus. 5391.) Evenings, ex. Mons., 8.30.
Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday:
PLANT IN THE SUN
with PAUL ROBESON.
Saturday and Sunday:
BURY THE DEAD
Doors open 7.30. Book now: 1/- to 3/6. Members only.
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FILMS

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Moscow on the Eve of Revolution.
"THE LAST NIGHT" (A)
Directed by Yu. Raizman.

BERKELEY, Berkeley St. May. 8505.
SON OF MONGOLIA (U)
Directed by Ilya Trauberg.
Also Vivien Leigh in "STORM IN A TEACUP" (A)
and March of Time (U). 2.6, 3.6, 5/-, 8.6.

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DREAMING LIPS (A)

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HULL. Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5.0 p.m. **Little.**
Autumn
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